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Vol. CLXII No. 2115 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC AUGUST 3 1940

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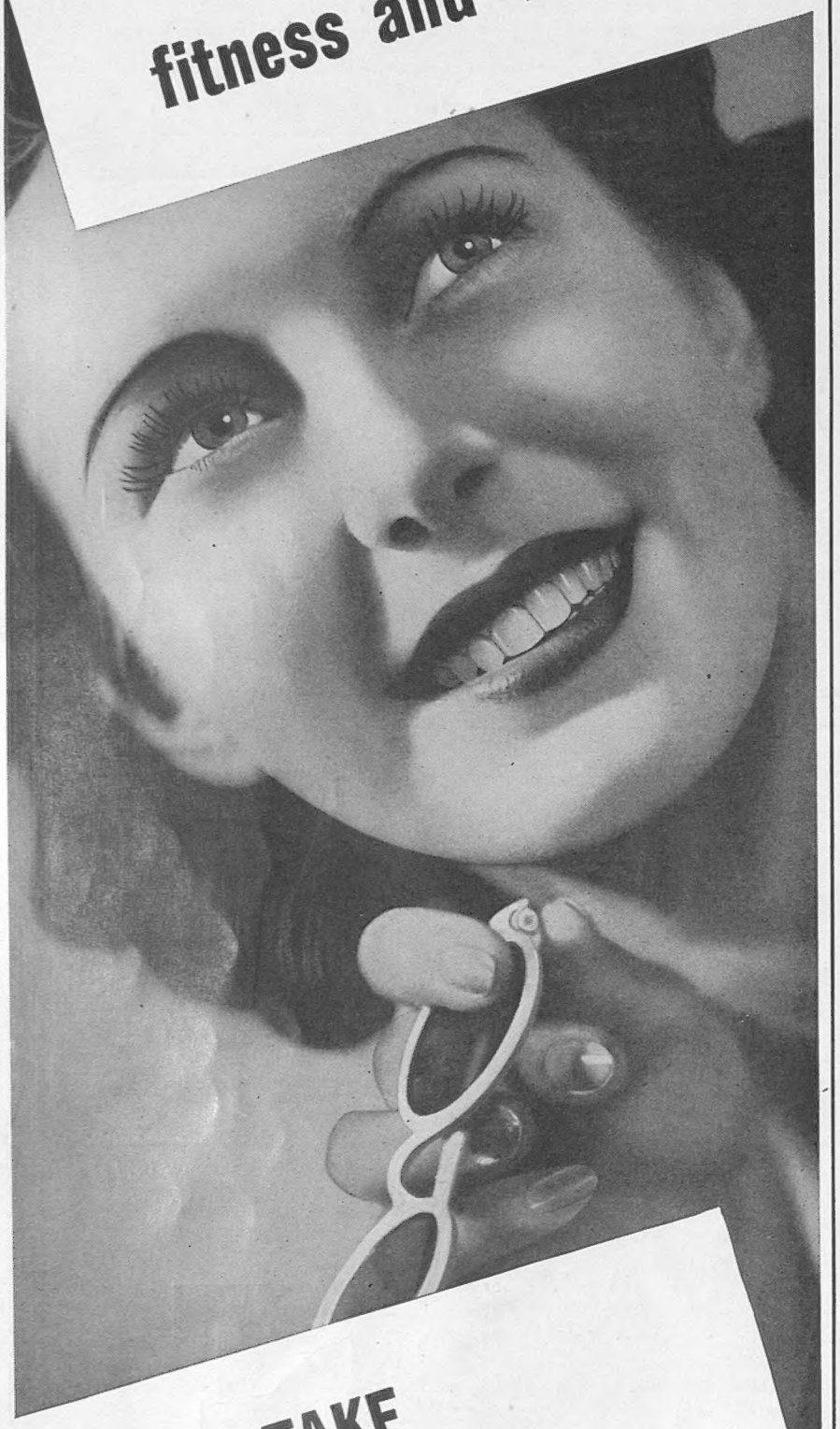

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 3, 1940

AFTER the BATTLE of DOVER HARBOUR

Pilots Comparing Notes (and Narrow Escapes) After the Biggest Raid of the War

On Monday last Britain experienced her biggest raid of the war when eighty enemy aeroplanes concentrated in an attack on Dover Harbour. The result was disaster for Germany—the R.A.F. not only beat off the attack but brought down no fewer than seventeen of the enemy at a loss to our own forces of just one aeroplane. This was the first mass raid on a land objective, and that it should have failed so signally is, let us hope, an augury for the future. The attack began with clouds of dive-bombers, fifty of them, supported by Messerschmitt fighters up above; so intense was the anti-aircraft barrage, however, that the bombers were forced to abandon their attacks. Flights of Defiants, Hurricanes, and Spitfires swept into the sky to counter-attack the Germans; other British fighters climbed quickly above the Channel, hidden by cloud masses. The retreating German planes were thus caught in a trap. The bombers fell like ninepins to the guns of the two forces of British fighters. Apart from the seventeen enemy planes destroyed, a number of others were badly damaged, so much so that it is doubtful if they got home. Only one British plane, a Hurricane, was lost. In the above picture are seen two of the pilots who took part in the battle—the pilot-officer on the right is displaying his flying helmet with a bullet-hole clean through its side—a very, very, narrow escape! (*Other pictures of some of the pilots on their return are given on page 133 of this issue*)

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XLVIII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

THE MAN WHO PHOTOGRAPHED THE CHANNEL AIR BATTLE: This Ministry of Information picture shows Newsreel Cameraman J. F. Gemmell, perched up on top of a South Coast cliff. He is the man who, with telephoto camera in a strongly sandbagged observation post, obtained the recent very graphic pictures of an air battle in mid-Channel. His wonderful film was recently shown in cinemas throughout the country

TO TRY OR NOT TO TRY?—Much that is false or misinformed is still obtained from Germany and disseminated by American and other neutral journalists, by our own Intelligence service and by a study of the contemporary presses of the Axis and controlled states (which presses are not quite so colourless and controlled as most people declare). Many of those statistical estimates of Nazi resources in food, oil, raw materials, planes, trained personnel, etc., are mere wishful thinking, and scores of such "authoritative" lights have been proved wills-o'-the-wisp soon after publication. Nevertheless the truth *filters* slowly out and there is the stamp of truth in the theory that the question of invading Britain by sea and air has split the advisers who stand round Hitler, and has given Hitler himself his sharpest wobble yet. Nothing else can account for the patchwork and contradictions of his peace "offer," and for the more than usual inconsistency revealed in the press commentaries on Lord Halifax's "answer." Once more there is reason to think that Hitler, with Ribbentrop urging him on (the *spielman* of the drama), finds himself opposed to the plan of following his star in an invasion of England by his military advisers and perhaps by Goebbels. The longer they look at it, the less they like it. Germany is beginning to see what winter and a long war will mean in an enslaved Europe smouldering with hate and faced with starvation, and the Nazis are losing their heads and sacrificing all claims to consistency as they brandish and employ their weapons of bribery and flattery and sweet reasonableness (in the left hand) and of threats of doom (in the right).

WHERE WILL HE STRIKE?—Something must be done if the clearly reviving spirit of the battered and enslaved nations of Europe is not to flare up to dangerous fires. What has held up the invasion so far? The failure of Italy to play even the mild part which Germany looked for in the Mediterranean war on the sea, on land, and in the air. Raeder's gloomy reports on the effectiveness of the Nazi remnant of a Navy. The successes of the R.A.F. in preventive offence and in defence. The failure of the new "blockade" of Britain (damaging but not decisive). The unbelievable firmness and unity of Britain; the obviously effective defence precautions taken in Britain, combined with constant proofs of readiness, confidence and vigilance. In a word, the Narrow Sea *is* something stronger than the Maginot Line. The invasion would be a reasonable risk, but for that ribbon of salt water, guarded by our Navy. Spectacular action of some sort cannot be delayed beyond August. The more success a tyrant achieves the more success is demanded of him. He cannot pause, he dare not halt.

HITLER "ANSWERED."—I admit that I hoped no Minister would be put up to "answer" Hitler's "peace appeal." An answer suggests a proposition. But there was no proposition. However, it was not to be. We still believe in the power of words in a world ruled by the sword, and if any Minister was to be chosen, I was glad it should be Lord Halifax. The contrast between his manner and methods and those of Hitler are as complete as possible, and no Minister we could have chosen (not the Premier or Mr. Duff Cooper) could so completely have enraged Hitler. Lord Halifax's speech was a rare phenomenon coming from a Minister in a crisis of a nation's fate. On that account it was a heartening speech, immensely valuable for national morale and for our national reputation—though whether it appealed as profoundly to Jews and Moslems we are yet in no position to judge. To our own people, it was the more effective because Lord Halifax has none of the glib arts of oratory. He is hesitant and quiet, and his own supreme faith stands out the more convincing and clear cut on that account. But, above all, his speech was memorable for the poignant contrast it produced in the manners of the modern dictator and the Democratic statesman of high and ancient traditions. The Taj Mahal by moonlight and a gin palace crowded with revellers under Victorian gas flares could provide no more arresting contrast.

HITLER AND PEACE.—Hitler's anxiety to put himself right with posterity is pathetic. He has that faith in the power of his words which his devastating actions have long since shattered in every living breast but his own. For we believe that he genuinely set store by the "arguments" of his Reichstag speech and personally hoped that somehow, sometime, those arguments would justify his crimes past and to come. It seemed to me a golden opportunity for silence from British statesmen. He posed us no question requiring an answer. It would have been reasonable for us to regard his speech as a self justification to his own people and simply to omit reference to it and get on with the war. But of course words still play an important part in Democracy's war effort and such a wise restraint could hardly be looked for. One thing which Hitler said, and often has said, I believe to be true. I believe he would have been thankful at all times for the friendship of Britain on his own terms. But his only idea of friendship is a mutual conspiracy to commit or to condone crimes, and our idea of it is different.

THE STUPIDITY OF BRITAIN.—Our national stupidity is already impressing itself on a Europe pining for peace and a chance to forget its shames, humiliations, and defeats. All is set for that, save the crass obstinacy of the stupid Briton who will not admit that he is beaten, starved out, invested, defeated in the field, bombed out of existence, in open internal revolution, and so forth. To the Germans it is heartbreaking. Everything in the European garden could be so lovely, if only this stinking Willy would hang its head. If the Führer *was* a little rude to Mr. Churchill, surely we might forget that possible lapse from good sense and good taste in Hitler's appeal to common sense and common submission to his accomplished will. Instead of which we go on bombing the Rühr and keeping good Germans out of bed. All we have to do to get peace and plenty is to kick out Churchill and his Minister of Information and replace them with Lloyd George and Mosley. To Spaniards our stupidity is no less irritating and puzzling. We are already defeated. The blockade has strangled us. What are we waiting for? Why can't we seek decent burial? Sheer obstinate stupidity!

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH.—People have their opinions (which they keep to themselves) about the official policy of publishing all losses to ships and aeroplanes by enemy action, as soon as military considerations justify it. A big majority of the nation probably endorses the policy and feels that, if the principle be accepted, there should be no juggling with the figures. The juggling, if any, does not hide the truth from the enemy. Thus, we have irrefutable proof that our air losses day by day are in small proportion to those of the enemy. But we do not, in a given day, include in one total those of our fighters destroyed in the destruction of enemy invaders over these islands, *and* those bombers and reconnaissance craft destroyed in raids over Germany and occupied territories. Thus, we read that in fights over Britain the enemy lost, say, seven bombers and four fighters and that the British loss was three fighters—nearly four to one, we say cheerfully. In another communiqué we hear that five or six of our bombers failed to return from raids over Germany; the ratio is therefore altered, though still in our favour. And that leads on to another example of the diluting of truth—the phrase "withdrawal according to plan." That phrase is unworthy of our army and of our people. If a post was worth holding at the start of operations, even in the deserts of Africa, withdrawal from it by pressure from superior enemy attack can only be a set-back, a minor defeat. Why not admit the loss of an outpost with the generosity of frankness and with the courage of silence and with proof of faith in the nation's resolution?

AUTUMN AT HAND.—It seems almost impossible to believe that the summer is merging into autumn already and that August is here. Visible signs cannot convince us of the hard fact. The leaves are reddening, browning and falling; the harvest is being gathered; mists and heavier dews and summer gales are constant reminders. The plums are ripening and the wasps are busy. But we cannot believe the inexorable, chiefly because we have been wont to mark the seasons, not by natural phenomena but by man-made institutions and fixtures. August is heralded in normal times by Goodwood, July by Wimbledon, June by the Derby. This year the landmarks are removed (with the direction posts from our roads) and we cannot find our way about. The trains to Scotland would be running in triplicate and the social reporters would have their pitches at Euston Station at 7 p.m. each night. But if London is socially a desert, if camping sites are filled, if trains do not run in duplicate or triplicate to Scotland, the circumstances producing these facts are altogether different and the uses to which trains and camping sites are put are no guide to the seasons. The beaches of England tell a story which we have never read before and still cannot digest. We are not taking a holiday this year. We are seeking novel means of distraction and mind refreshment. The leaves are falling in Berkeley Square. God knows—no man can even dimly forecast—what will be the conditions in England when the planes of London show green leaves again. We have faith only that the sap of England's spirit will not have dried up and that it will still be a potential source of verdure and happier summers.

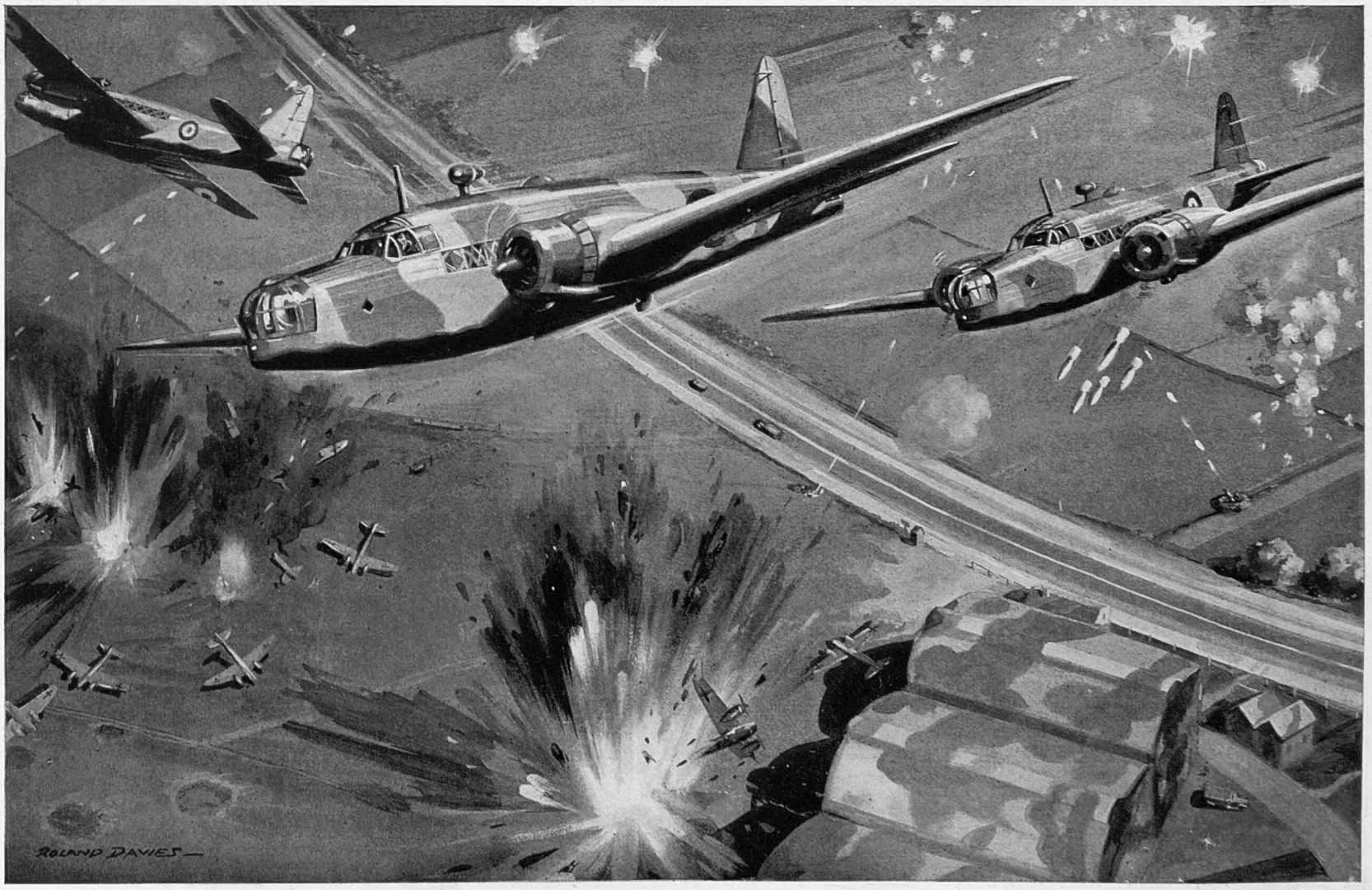
THINGS WORTH FIGHTING FOR.—I mentioned casually the other day the hope that from the "treasures of civilisation" for which we are to-day fighting and giving our all, the dismal and cheap jack fashion of "crooning" might be suffered to perish. This slight reference brought me a firm offer from a correspondent of £500 to be paid instantly as an initial encouragement to any persons who will form themselves into a body to fight and destroy all the nastiest and most vulgar and contemptible features of British social life since the Four Years War. A catalogue of those features at this time could only be controversial. Some would include this and some that; every inclusion must have its upholders and critics. Crude statuary, surrealist art, publishers' crime fiction advertisements, crooning, bottle parties, and, under a general heading, commercialised ugliness in every form from architecture to literature, all these abortions, reactions, fashions, crimes and tendencies would need to be examined and catalogued by the body which my correspondent visualises, a body representative of all classes and yet educated in taste. Who answers the call? How it would confirm and sweeten our supreme effort and present sacrifices if we could be sure that the life which some of us may survive to see would be surely purged of most of the vilest fashions of a tired, disillusioned and unhappy generation which ruled society between the two great wars and fell from grace and taste in the craving to express its disillusionment and to seek escape from its discontents and miseries!

CONTRASTS.—Mr. A. P. Herbert was, I think, justified in launching another of his little brevities to point the curious inconsistencies in the official mind. We tax the Bible and Shakespeare, but betting and gambling in all forms is sacred. The public can do without the luxury of the Bible, but pool betting is a necessity. There is still some muddled thinking to be cleared away in Whitehall.

THE OLD STAGER

HOW HAMPDEN BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. ATTACKED THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL

The manner in which the Dortmund-Ems canal—one of the most important links in Germany's internal transport system—was raided and severely damaged can now be told in the words of the Air Ministry's own official bulletin. Following the damage caused to German trains and railway junctions by R.A.F. raids, enemy communications were becoming considerably disorganised. Reconnaissance aircraft were therefore sent over the Dortmund-Ems canal and photographed its various stretches, and, in particular, the double aqueduct where the canal crosses the River Ems. Models of the aqueduct were constructed, and picked crews received special instructions on the method of attack to be adopted. There was bright moonlight when the crews set out on their task. Bombs were dropped in the aqueducts, near the safety gates, and against the embankment. Subsequent photographic reconnaissances have revealed the success of the attack. Barges can be seen high and dry in the mud, the aqueducts are unusable, and the canal is empty. Other reconnaissances showed barges unloading their cargoes in a field alongside the canal—further evidence that the task had been successfully completed. Of the Hampden aircraft taking part in this important attack not a single one was damaged



Drawings by Roland Davies

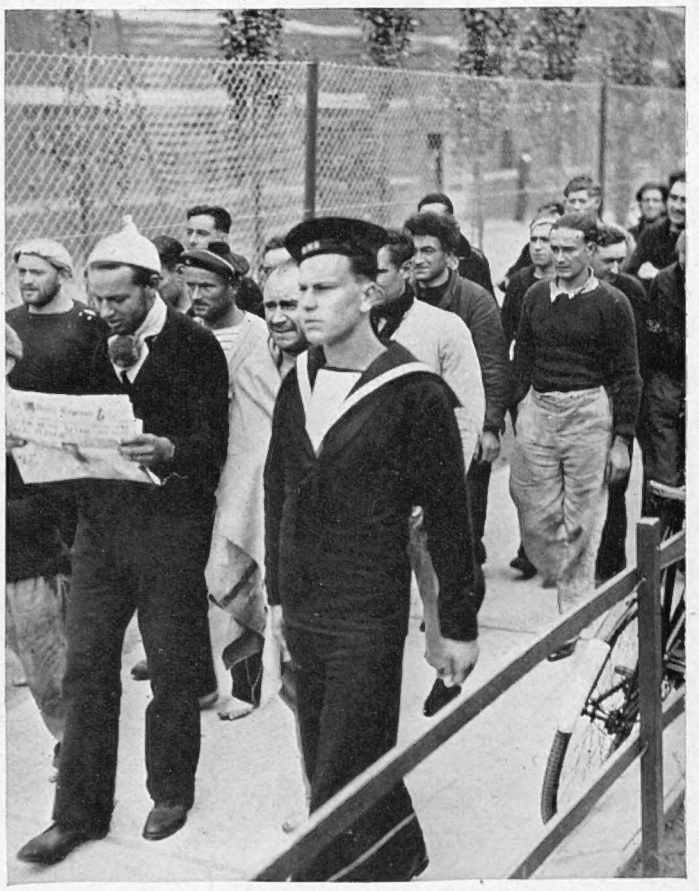
THE VERY LATEST TYPE WELLINGTON BOMBERS ATTACKING ENEMY AERODROMES IN OCCUPIED FRANCE

Despite the adverse weather of recent weeks R.A.F. bombers have not been idle. The above drawing shows the attack by some of our newest type Wellingtons on Ypenburg Aerodrome in the occupied portion of Northern France. Craters had been made on the landing ground in previous raids but these had been filled in. So much damage was again created in this latest raid that the aerodrome was undoubtedly rendered unserviceable once more. Amongst the aircraft severely handled on this occasion were some Focke-Wulf FW 58 aeroplanes; these, it is interesting to note, are ordinarily employed for training. This leads one to the conclusion that the enemy is either using this aerodrome for training purposes (and this is most unlikely in view of its exposure to attack) or is employing training aircraft for reconnaissance or other duties with the *Luftwaffe*. The attack on Ypenburg, incidentally, was only one item in a series of offensive operations by the R.A.F. During the course of this series of raids three aerodromes were raided, barges were destroyed, shipbuilding yards and armament works were bombed, and seaplane bases were attacked

THE "MEKNES" OUTRAGE

A Fresh Demonstration of Nazi Disregard for Humanity: And a Belated Picture of the Tragedy of the "Lancastria"

STRANGE GARB WORN BY SURVIVORS OF THE "MEKNES": PYJAMAS, RUGGER SHIRTS, SHORTS AND CYCLING KIT WERE ALL CONTRIBUTED TO CLOTHE THE FRENCH NAVAL OFFICERS AND RATINGS RESCUED AFTER THE DISASTER



SOME OF THE FRENCH SURVIVORS OF THE INHUMAN ATTACK ON THE "MEKNES" PHOTOGRAPHED ON ARRIVAL AT A CAMP ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST

ANYTHING TO COVER THEMSELVES IN DECENCY: Undersize sweater, tattered trousers, running shorts, Norwegian ski-ing garb, and a complete woman's outfit, worn by *Meknes* survivors

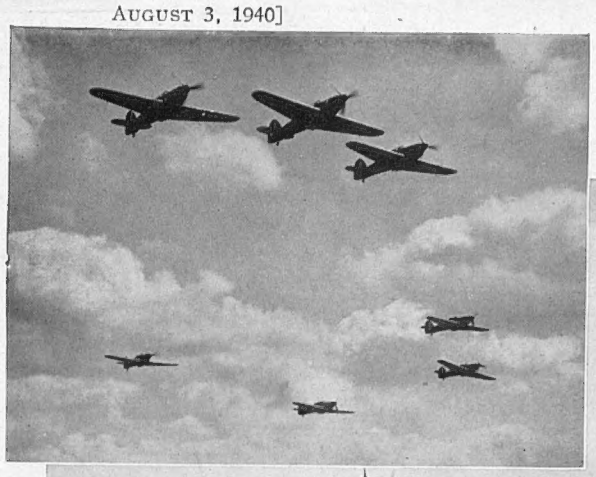
A WOUNDED FRENCH SAILOR BEING HELPED BY COMRADES ON HIS ARRIVAL BACK IN ENGLAND

PASSED BY THE CENSOR MORE THAN A MONTH AFTER THE DISASTER: A trawler, with 900 survivors of the *Lancastria* on board, transferring them to a transport. Some of the men were very scantily clad, and even nude. The *Lancastria* was bombed and sunk on June 17, BUT DESPITE THAT THE GERMANS KNEW THIS, THE NEWS OF HER LOSS WAS NOT MADE PUBLIC IN THIS COUNTRY UNTIL JULY 26

On one and the same day, Friday, July 26, the British public were acquainted with the details of two sea-tragedies—the sinking of the French merchant ship *Meknes*, and the bombing and sinking of the *Lancastria*. The first-named vessel was carrying 1,300 passengers and crew, the majority of them French naval officers and ratings who were being repatriated to France: the ship was showing all lights when she was attacked and large French flags painted on her hull and deck were illuminated. 300 Frenchmen lost their lives in this unwarranted enemy attack; and of the survivors some hundreds volunteered for service against Germany immediately on landing. The *Lancastria* was a 20,000-ton ex-cruise liner engaged in the evacuation of St. Nazaire on June 17. She was being used as a transport for British troops and civilian refugees from France. Of the total of 5,350 on board, nearly 2,500 are known to have been saved. Although the facts of the *Lancastria's* sinking were immediately known to the Germans, it was not until July 26 that full details of this tragedy were made available to the British public

AFTER the GREAT AIR BATTLE

British Fighter Pilots Resting After Their Return From Mid-Channel



STILL UNSHAVEN AFTER THEIR EARLY MORNING CALL TO COMBAT—FIGHTER PILOTS RESTING ON THE AERODROME AFTER THE ATTACK ON DOVER HARBOUR, WHICH WAS REPULSED WITH VERY HEAVY LOSSES TO THE ENEMY. *Inset*—THE RETURN OF THE TRIUMPHANT HURRICANES AFTER THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CHANNEL

PILOT-OFFICERS AND SERGEANT-PILOTS DISCUSSING THEIR EXPERIENCES; IN THE BACKGROUND ONE OF THE SPITFIRES WHICH TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE

Last Monday's battle in the air over the Channel is, we hope, a foretaste of what the Germans may expect when they attempt to raid Britain in force. Out of a raiding strength of some eighty aircraft, eighteen were shot down and many of the remainder were so crippled that it is doubtful whether they were able to gain the security of occupied France. The action, the heaviest yet launched against us in the air, was a complete triumph for British pilots and aircraft. Two battles were, in fact, fought at the same time—one over Dover itself where some fifty dive-bombers attempted to wreck the harbour, the other over the sea where the escorting fighters were trapped between two British fighter forces. Of the escorting Messerschmitt fighters, seven were shot down by British Defiants, Spitfires, and Hurricanes; and of the bombers, eight were destroyed in the first thirty minutes; and three aircraft were sent hurtling to earth by anti-aircraft fire—over 20 per cent. direct losses

TANKS, GUNS, ARMOURED CARS—

All These are Now Assisting in the Defence of Britain

THE HEAVY TANKS OF THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT GET READY FOR ACTION: As will be seen from these pictures, Britain is in possession of some very fine heavy tanks, despite our losses in Belgium and France. These are of the very highest quality, capable of dealing with anything similar possessed by the enemy. The Tank Regiment have been hard at work during the past months perfecting their technique

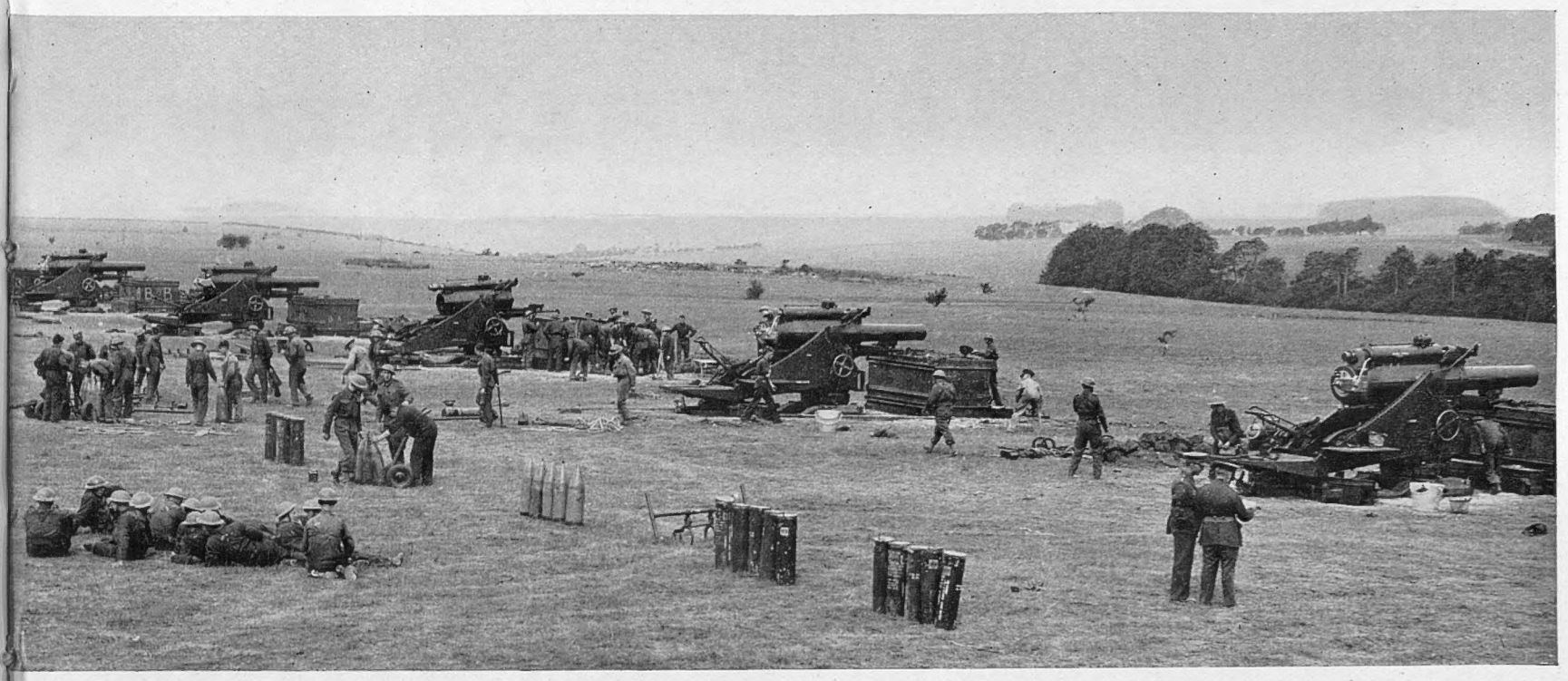
AN IMPRESSIVE AND REASSURING LINE We have now only one front to on strategic points here instead till the collapse of France. Such attempts to land. Meanwhile some idea

THE TANKS DEPLOYING INTO LINE AS THEY REACH A RIDGE: These formidable fighting machines are very heavily armed; note the number and size of the forward-pointing guns in the above picture, and also note the manner in which the main gun turret can be swung round to fire in practically any direction. These tanks should prove extremely useful in the event of invasion

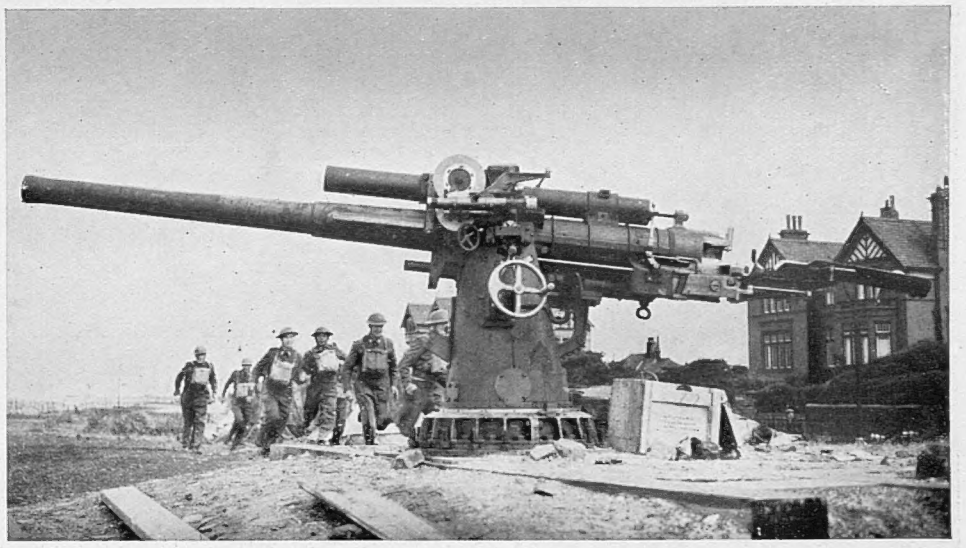
THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT PREPARES: Ammunition being served out to a member of a tank's crew during exercises in the North of England. The size of the shells ought to be some indication of the power of the guns mounted in these monster tanks!

HUGE TANKS LUMBERING THROUGH A PEACEFUL ENGLISH VILLAGE: Although comment has been made on the "perfect finish" of such English products as these, there can be little doubt but that solidity of construction and perfection of detail will prove of the greatest of value when put to the actual test of war. Despite their bulk these huge tanks are comparatively easy to handle on the road

ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK: The tanks are here closed up for battle, and advancing in line ahead to the attack across open country. Should the invader actually land in Britain, it is doubtful if he could bring across such heavy metal to support his attacks



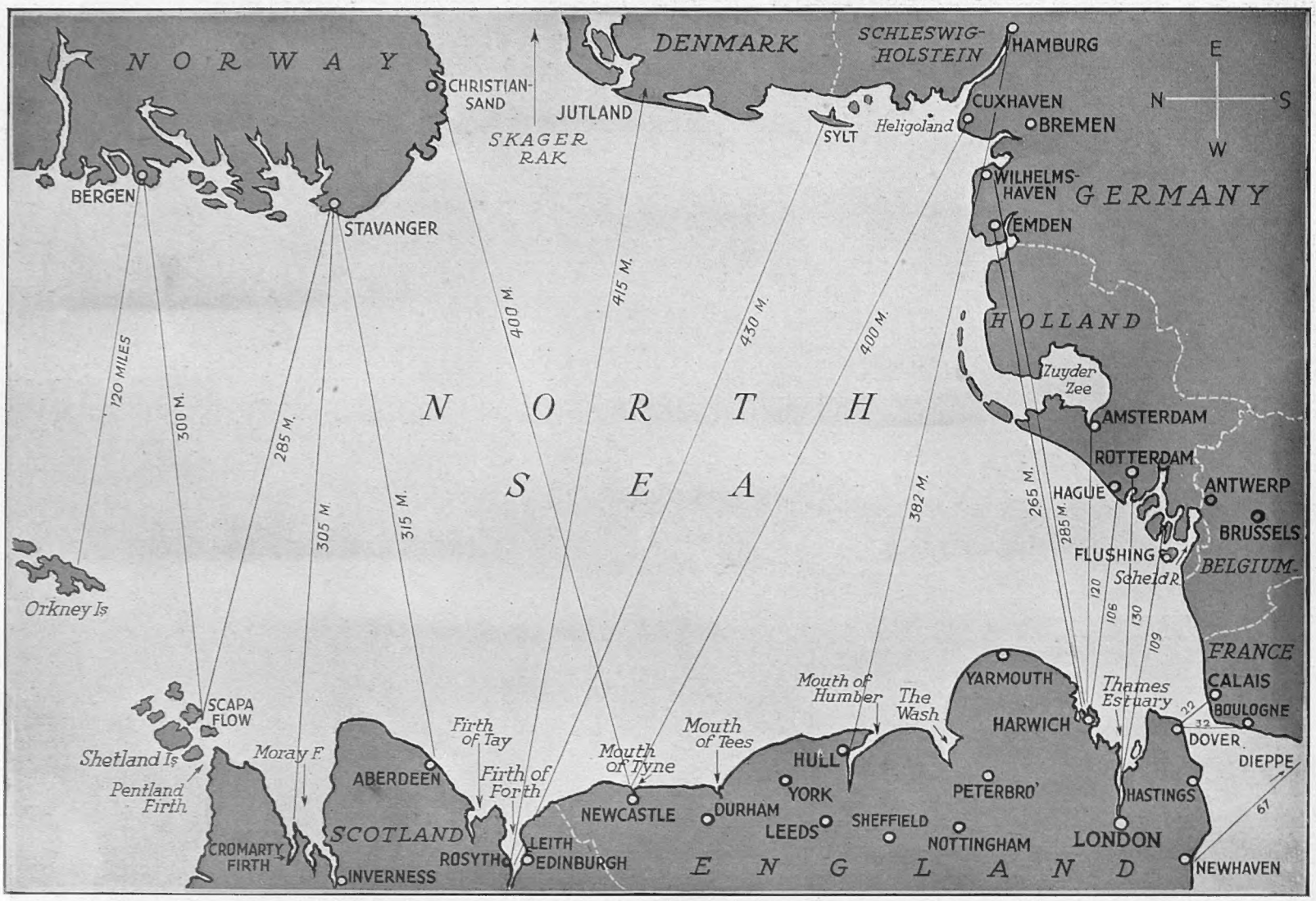
OF BRITAIN'S MASSIVE 9.2 HOWITZERS ON RANGES IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND: defend—our own shores. Consequently, our armament can all be concentrated of being dispersed at many points on the Continent, as was the case up guns as those depicted here will demonstrate their power when the invader readers can gain from this and the other pictures reproduced on these pages of Britain's armament effort of the past few months



THE COAST DEFENCES OF BRITAIN—A LONG-RANGE GUN ON ITS EMPLACEMENT: With keen crews of gunners who have already met the enemy in France, and not been found lacking in strength, a warm welcome is assured the Germans when they attempt landings on the shores of Britain. All round the coasts such defences as this are already in position

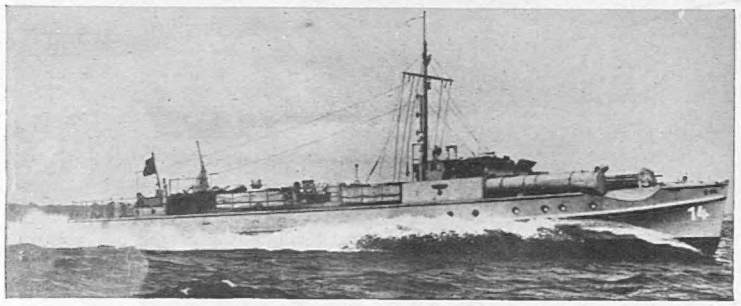
THE NEW "IRONSIDES" OF THE BRITISH ARMY: THE FAST ARMOURED CARS WHICH NOW TAKE THE PLACE OF CAVALRY

The two pictures reproduced here show the new armoured cars—one might almost call them small tanks—with which a famous cavalry regiment has now been equipped and which have aptly been christened "Ironsides." These cars are very fast, but they can also negotiate rough country: they can be used for a variety of purposes—for direct attack (note the machine-gun facing forward behind a shield), for troop carrying, for Bren-gun carrying, for supporting troop movements, and for other uses. Although these armoured cars replace the cavalry of old, they are much quicker in action, less vulnerable to bullets—and, above all, far more mobile

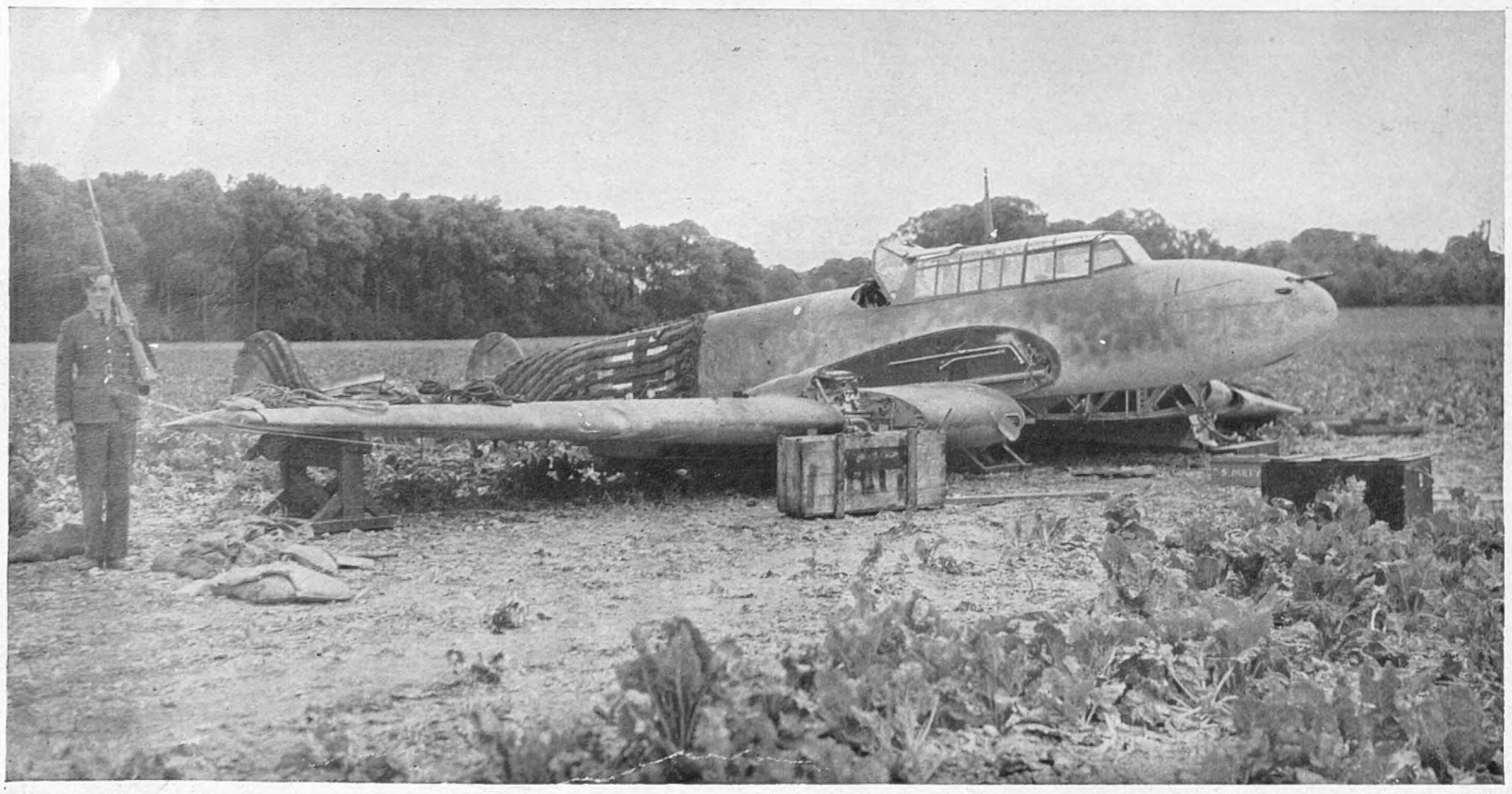


WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF INVASION?

This special "Sphere" diagram once again presents the problem—and this time from a novel point of view. Here are the two opposing coastlines, and here is the problem as it must appear to the German High Command. From the point of view of distance, the area around the Channel ports must be the most attractive to the invader: for here the distances are very short and the time necessary for the crossing correspondingly short. But, of course, this area—as he well knows—is most strongly held. It may be that he will risk heavy losses to make his attack here—if, and when, he decides to attack. In this case, if he is not destroyed en route, he will assuredly be destroyed when he attempts to land: for the Kent and Sussex coasts are obviously difficult of attainment. On the other hand, should the Germans attempt the longer sea crossing—from Germany itself or from Norway—it is almost certain that the British Navy will intervene—and in decisive fashion. No one here can foretell what is in the mind of Hitler or his advisers: we can but state the problem and indicate certain alternatives and their probable results!



ONE OF THE GERMAN MOTOR TORPEDO BOATS, ON WHICH THE ENEMY IS BASING VERY GREAT HOPES IN THE EVENT OF INVASION



GERMANY'S MOST POWERFUL FIGHTER-BOMBER—THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE MESSERSCHMITT 110

Before being able to present a picture of Germany's Pride—the powerful Messerschmitt 110 fighter-bomber—we have had to wait until the R.A.F. brought one down on this island, because the enemy has been very chary of releasing any details of this, his principal fighting aircraft. The 110 is a twin-engined monoplane, designed as a fighter suitable for bomber escort work. It is understood to be provided with an armament consisting of two shell-firing guns in the fuselage, two fixed machine guns in the wings, and one flexible machine gun in the rear gunner's cockpit. The crew consists of two—pilot and gunner—and the speed is thought to be about 385 m.p.h. maximum. Several of these aircraft have already been brought down by our fighter aircraft

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR BOMBING RAIDS

A Careful Inquiry, Compiled from Official Sources, Into the R.A.F. Achievements Over Germany

By NOEL THOMPSON

TWO of the questions most frequently asked me are, How is it that in all the reports of our bombing raids over Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, and Norway we are told of the great damage done, while German bombs usually seem to fall in the sea or open country or merely damage a few houses? Do you believe it? Does it make sense?

To the latter double-barrelled question I reply that I do believe it most emphatically, and I hope to show that it does make sense by answering the first question in fairly complete detail. Perhaps one instance would really be sufficient to "make sense." In the course of a series of raids recently, one flight of our bombers was detailed to bomb the railway sidings at Soest, and they spent an hour and a quarter on the job. Two hours later another bomber was to repeat the dose, but when he arrived he could see nine fires blazing, huge craters, and so much damage already done that he decided it was not worth while attacking Soest again, and flew on instead to Lippstadt where he scored direct hits on the railway junction. Unless you want to brand our pilots as liars you cannot doubt the evidence of the damage caused, and this one example could be multiplied a hundred times.

No, the Air Ministry reports tell the truth, and, if anything, err on the side of understatement. They are based on what is actually seen by the members of the bomber crews, usually with plenty of corroboration from succeeding bombers, and frequently by photographs taken either at the time or by later reconnaissance aeroplanes. And if any further corroboration were needed it can be obtained direct from the reports which reach Switzerland and are published there, or inferred from the way all journalists are barred from the areas most affected.

As for the comparatively small damage done in German raids on this country, there are a variety of reasons. Chief among these is that many of them have been of the hit and run variety. They have not been worked out and planned with the care that marks every R.A.F. raid. The machines are inferior, the pilots and crews are far less highly trained and efficient, and have had nothing like the experience, while our defences are more powerful and better organised. Massed raids have yet to come and it may be that before these words are in print I shall have to be eating them. But the above reasons remain basically true, and when, or if, raids on a big scale come to Britain the enemy morale will be high only through the comfort which numbers give.

The very opposite to the above reasons for the smallness of the damage done by the Germans (who find for the first time an organised defence not encountered in Poland, Holland, Belgium or France, where, for example, Paris had only sixteen barrage balloons in all and these curiously inefficient) applies to the success of the British raids. Before going into that I would like to give you the result of some research into the work of the Bomber Command, the Coastal Command and Fleet aircraft during a period of twenty-one days.

I chose the first three weeks in July as the period for my investigation. The Air Ministry kindly gave me every help by allowing me to examine records for that period. It was no peak effort in this period, merely the normal bombing activity.

During those three weeks on only one night was Germany or German-occupied territory free from raids, and that was because of very bad weather conditions indeed, with strong wind, heavy rain and clouds. The Coastal Command carried on as usual with patrols from Scandinavia to the Bay of Biscay.

I counted the names of forty-five important aerodromes that were bombed during those twenty-one days and nights; of more than thirty-five towns, junctions, marshalling yards, and places where oil was stored or there were important factories; and I noted that Bremen alone had been the victim over twelve raids. All this was in addition to the bombing of seaplane bases, of shipping in harbours and of barge concentrations. At all these places heavy damage was definitely known to have been done. From the facts which I had before me I know that my figures are understatements.

The mileage flown by the bombers must remain a secret, but some estimate can be formed from the area covered by these raids. By pricking out the extreme points on a map I calculated that the area in which these raids took place amounted to some 440,000 square miles. Places between 300 and 400 miles from the coast were reached. And these were *not* hit and run raids. There were occasions when our bombers were at work for two hours on their targets, and an hour was an average duration.

And what can the inhabitants of the vitally important Ruhr district be thinking now, after their nightly bombing, of the speeches of Göring? Can't you imagine how bombastically and confidently he spoke? "As Reichminister for Air I have convinced myself personally of the measures taken to protect the Ruhr against air attack. In future I will look after every battery, for we will not expose the Ruhr to a single bomb dropped by enemy aircraft." The R.A.F. have set him the task of finding a thousand excuses for not keeping his promise.

Even in the short space of three weeks which I have under review I found it difficult to pick from the reports outstanding achievements. There were so many. There was the bombing of Hamburg, when a margarine factory was bombed and 56,000 tons of the oil fat they need so badly was set on fire and destroyed. Twenty-four hours later raiders found the flames still blazing and after forty-eight hours they still had not been quenched. There was the bombing of the main canal system when the fly-over and aqueducts of the Dortmund–Ems canal were destroyed. Owing to the destruction of the railways these vital canals were being worked overtime. It can be imagined how much additional confusion and difficulty was caused. Then there was the bombing of the *Scharnhorst* at strongly protected Kiel. Every gun in the district was in action, but for nearly an hour unit after unit made its attack and pushed it home. One bomber glided down to within 2,000 ft. of the clearly visible ship and dropped three of its heaviest bombs right across it; another claimed four hits, and such vast fires were started round the dock that they were visible—and not just the glow—85 miles away.

Perhaps those three examples show as well as any can the results of the careful planning and preparation which goes before every raid. The conference first, when the weather conditions are discussed and the height from which the attack shall be made is provisionally decided. The planning of the exact mode of attack, and the order in which it shall be made; the bombs to be carried and half a dozen other matters are quietly settled. The target maps are studied—and naturally the best men for the job are chosen. The preparations are thorough, and may last days, while photographs are studied, routes worked out. There is not, cannot be, anything haphazard. On a recent raid, when even in July the rain froze, the reports showed that the flight crossed the German coast, after flying blind, exactly at the planned spot, and that the target was reached within one minute of E.T.A. (or estimated time of arrival) which reveals almost mechanical accuracy.

Most assuredly the leaflet raids and many night flights throughout the first eight months of the war were not wasted. In those days Germany was put like a cheese under a microscope. Observations of future targets and landmarks were made in rain and in snow, in sunlight and in moonlight. Every member of every bomber crew made his own observations and report. And the whole time that invaluable and purchasable commodity, experience, was being acquired. The Germans lack it and can never catch up on that. And only the airman can realise how much it means.

Thus the R.A.F. bombers achieve all that is claimed for them, and I hope now that it will appear sense and reasonable that they should cause such tremendous damage and that we should suffer so little in return in this country. But it must not be thought that the German anti-aircraft fire or fighters leave the R.A.F. an easy task. Very far from it, and naturally there are losses, but how much heavier they would be were it not for the courage and skill of the pilot, navigator and gunners. Which leads me to the last point, the machines.

As I read through the reports I kept on coming across passages like this: "Curtain of fierce A.A. fire . . . defences giving us all they'd got . . . we took several heavy jars from exploding shells . . . lower part of starboard tail plane blown away, main spar hit, 2-ft. hole in tail plane which broke a rib and narrowly missed rudder post, and a foot-wide hole in the fuselage." Damaged as they were they crossed our coast only three miles off their bearing and made a perfect landing. And the observer commented, "Thanks to the splendid material and fine workmanship that went to the making of our aircraft."

Then there is another story from a bomber on its way back from Stavanger, whose two companion planes were shot down when they were attacked by about thirty-five Me 109s and 110s. The starboard engine and oil tank were hit, the engines seized up and "died" and the airscrew and reduction gear dropped off. However, after thirty minutes fighting it escaped, only, with starboard engine useless, to be found by two Me 110s over the sea. Dodged them and then the petrol started to run short. The pilot had almost decided to land in the sea beside some minesweepers when he saw the coast line, and reached a coastal aerodrome. There he had to make a pancake landing because the undercarriage was jammed up owing to the fact that the hydraulic system had been wrecked during the fighting. He landed successfully, bombing completed, and one Messerschmitt for certain brought down, others damaged. Which speaks worlds for men and material.

As I finished writing the above I turned on the wireless for the midnight news. And sure enough, "our bombers were again active last night. Bremen, Hamburg, Wilhelmshaven, aerodromes in Holland, the Ruhr." The R.A.F. had been saying "good-night" to Göring again in their own way.

"THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS, THE LADS OF THE R.A.F.—THEY ARE THE HEROES OF HISTORY . . ."

So said Lord Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production, when he broadcast a few nights ago on the growing strength of Britain's air might. (Incidentally, his own son is one of these "Heroes of History"—Squadron-Leader Max Aitken, who was awarded the D.F.C. for his valour and leadership in the air over Belgium.) The above picture, taken at a R.A.F. Training Depot in the North of England, shows newly-trained Sergeant-Pilots, anxious and willing to enter the lists for the defence of Liberty against Nazi-ism

AN ENEMY BOMBER RUNS STRAIGHT INTO A SUMMER THUNDERSTORM—A GERMAN JUNKERS 88 CAUGHT BY SUDDEN BAD WEATHER OVER BRITAIN

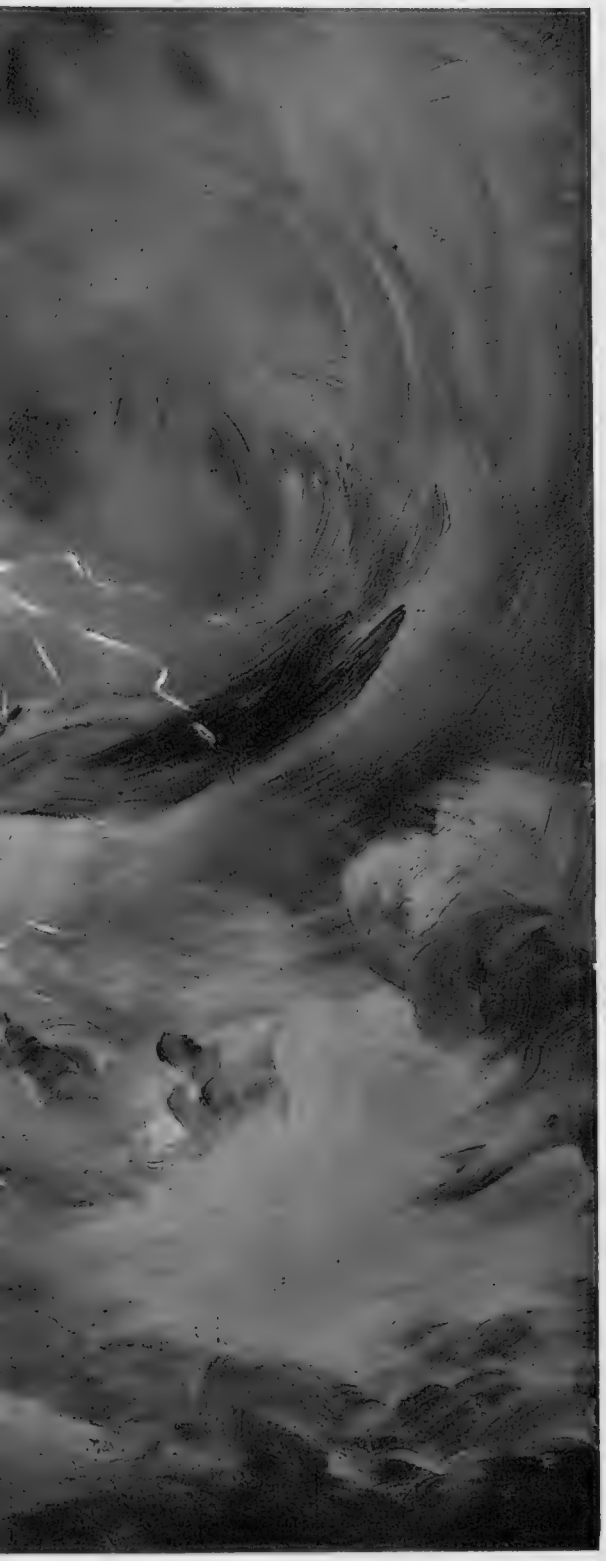
Weather plays a larger part in flying operations than the majority of non-flying people realise. Owing to the great speed at which even a slow aeroplane flies, and owing to the need constantly to pick up check points, bad weather brings a definite stop to the activity of some types of aircraft. A big bombing aeroplane, with an experienced navigator and a wireless operator, can, however, continue to fly in conditions under which a smaller craft would be grounded; and the pilot's task is further aided by the blind-flying instruments on his dashboard. Nevertheless, bad weather is the one thing which all pilots fear—and, above all, the sudden storm, such as that depicted above by Mr. Montague Dawson. As the storm builds up, the turbulence created near its centre renders control of the aircraft a difficult performance; and if the aeroplane is

FOG BRINGS ITS OWN PROBLEMS TO AN INVADING BOMBER PILOT—ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS DIFFICULTIES WITH WHICH HE HAS TO CONTEND

Good navigation will always bring a bomber near its objective—even after a flight of some hundreds of miles, but for the final attack on his objectives, the pilot must be able to see his mark. Under bad weather conditions, such as the above, such identification is impossible. Although it may not be appreciated by the non-flying reader, fog usually lies in thick layers, with a comparatively level top: although his altimeter will tell the pilot at approximately what height the fog bank is, he has no means of telling how far down it extends—its base may be clear of the land, or it may extend right down to "the deck." There may be rising ground in the vicinity, or tall chimneys, or lofty pylons, to reach his objective would be to court disaster, especially when one modern aircraft fly—a speed which cannot be reduced in bad visibility, because loss of flying speed means a stall and then a crash. Even in difficult to pierce the murk: one can often see fairly well straight to its forward speed, a modern bomber has to release its bombs some

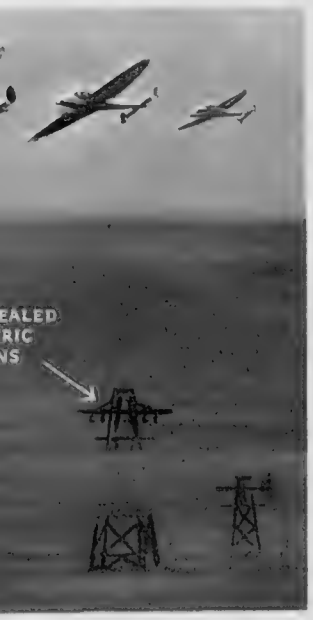
BAD WEATHER PROBLEMS IN THE AIR

Some of the Unfavourable Conditions the Bombers Have to Face—Special "Sphere" Drawings



Drawing by Montague Dawson

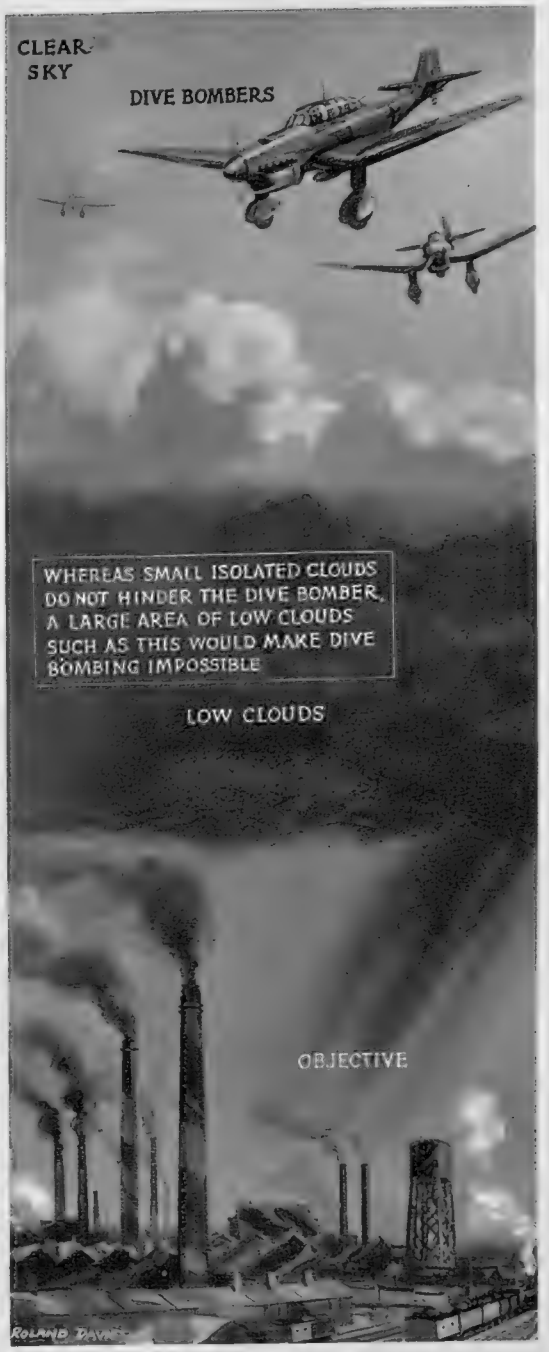
very close it is not unlikely that many of its instruments—certainly the compass—will become temporarily deranged. All hope of dropping his bombs in such circumstances would have to be abandoned. The aircraft depicted by Mr. Dawson above is a Junkers 88; this is the latest type of bomber, concerning which the enemy have allowed very few details to be published. It is an all-metal low wing monoplane with two engines, each of 1,200 h.p. The fuselage is of small oval cross section and the wings have the characteristic Junkers tapering outline



To dive down into the fog belt considers the speed at which as in the case of a motor vehicle, a light fog it is sometimes very down, but not ahead. And, owing distance ahead of its objective

FIRING DOWN THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAM: A NEW TECHNIQUE IN THE AIR

This practice is being adopted by both our own airmen and by the Germans. When the aircraft is caught in a searchlight beam, the gunner fires down it to hit the searchlight crew and to extinguish the light. Mr. Roland Davies, the artist, has actually seen a German gunner firing in this fashion, the glow of the tracers appearing quite as large as those depicted in his drawing above



On right—**ENEMY DIVE-BOMBERS WOULD BE UNABLE TO ATTACK UNDER CONDITIONS SUCH AS THIS**

Apart from fog, heavy cloud banks such as the above prevent enemy dive-bombers from attacking successfully. Small isolated cloud formations would not prevent successful attack, but a dense formation, even at a fairly good height, would make it impossible for the dive-bomber to press home his attack, as he must dive for a considerable distance with his object in full view

FLYING ABOVE HEAVY CLOUD THE ENEMY BOMBERS CANNOT SEE THEIR OBJECTIVES

When heavy clouds conceal the land enemy bombers cannot see their objectives and must then either turn away from that particular district or risk diving through the clouds into such dangers as rising ground, a balloon barrage or deadly machine-gun fire from the anti-aircraft defences

WHEN THE WEATHER WINS—THE CREW BALING OUT

Whilst returning from a reconnaissance flight over Heligoland one of our planes recently encountered such icy weather conditions that the machine became uncontrollable, owing to the frost and ice jamming the rudder and ailerons controls. The crew had no option but to bale out; all five landed safely

BLINDING RAIN HINDERS THE WORK OF THE BOMB-AIMER

We all know how disconcerting a car's windscreen can become in driving rain; in an aeroplane the weather can act in similar manner, although owing to the far greater speed the moisture is literally blown off the pilot's screen almost as soon as it touches. But for the bomb-aimer rain and snow does not improve his visibility

PREPARING FOR THE OFFENSIVE WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY WILL COME? This is an unusual picture. It shows a boarding party rehearsing for a landing—the men lying on deck, with their feet braced against the deck fittings to withstand the shock of the impact on ramming

ANOTHER REHEARSAL FOR OFFENSIVE ACTION? The crew of the destroyer lowering a whaler in the North Sea. Smartness in such manœuvres as this may be a valuable asset when offensive action is being taken

THE CREW ARE ENCOURAGED TO PRACTISE SHOOTING IN THEIR SPARE TIME: Proficiency with the rifle is a great asset, both for defensive and offensive action. In this case the target is a baulk of timber lashed by the crew themselves to the destroyer's rail

MAKING FAST TO A BUOY—THE CREW GET IN SOME USEFUL PRACTICE: This is not such an easy manœuvre as it might seem. Further, when this picture was taken the sea was calm: in actual service conditions it might be found necessary to undertake such operations under somewhat more unfavourable circumstances—and under fire!

A LITTLE PRACTICE AT THE GUNS: The "shells" here are obvious dummies, but it is essential that the gun crews should not get stale. It will be noted that on the modern destroyer "tin hats" for protection against attack from above are always worn when on active service

ON BOARD a DESTROYER in the NORTH SEA

The Royal Navy Rehearses As It Works

WE all know the wonderful defensive work of the Royal Navy in keeping the seas of Britain free of the enemy. But at the same time preparations for *offensive* action are undoubtedly being rehearsed, in readiness for the moment when defence will give way to attack. The pictures reproduced on these pages were taken on board a destroyer in the North Sea; they show a little of the intimate life on such a vessel. Readers will be particularly interested in those which show rehearsals for landing and boarding operations. It may be that we shall have many months to wait before such aggressive action can be taken by the Royal Navy—or it may be that it will come sooner than many of us think! Anyway, it is a consoling thought that the Navy is not altogether devoted solely to thoughts of defence!

FUSE-SETTING PRACTICE IN THE NORTH SEA: The secret of the efficiency of the Royal Navy is, first, a "good heart"; then—practice, plenty of it. Even when the enemy is not within sight, a high standard of efficiency is demanded from the destroyers' crews in the North Sea

CLEANING UP THE DRUMS FOR THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS: To ensure an uninterrupted flow, it is essential that every part of the gun *and* its ammunition supply should function smoothly and without jamming. Every opportunity is therefore taken to clean away rust and keep every part of the mechanism in proper condition

SORTING OUT THE BULLETS: This little group in a quiet corner is busily engaged on oiling and sorting out anti-aircraft ammunition prior to loading it into drums. It is this task which simplifies the work of the gunners when in action—and, of course, it is a job which can be carried out during odd moments aboard ship

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS COUPLED UP IN FOURS: The gunner stands with his eye glued to his gun-sights. His four machine-guns, firing as one, are feared by all German aviators flying over the North Sea. Note the spent cartridge cases thrown out on the deck during a practice burst

SWINGING THE LEAD—DESTROYER FASHION: A seaman taking a sounding from the leadsman's position on a destroyer on patrol in the North Sea—not such an easy task as it may appear to the landsman! Note the curving wake of the vessel, showing that she has just turned on to a new course

WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES in FOUR DIFFERENT SPHERES

—Relief Work; "Monitor" Service; Sheep Herding; Agriculture

AMERICAN GIFTS FOR CIVILIAN RELIEF IN BRITAIN: A depot for the many American gifts reaching Britain for civilian relief has been established in the home of the Hon. Lady Ward at Dudley House in Park Lane. Many helpers, both American and British, are assisting in the work of packing and distributing the gifts of clothing to those in need. Helpers from the American Ladies' Club in London also have a room at their disposal for knitting and distributing woollen wear. In this picture are seen three members of this Club who are amongst those engaged in knitting these welcome comforts. They are (from left to right) Mrs. C. L. Watson, Mrs. Frank Straker, and Mrs. Carl Frank

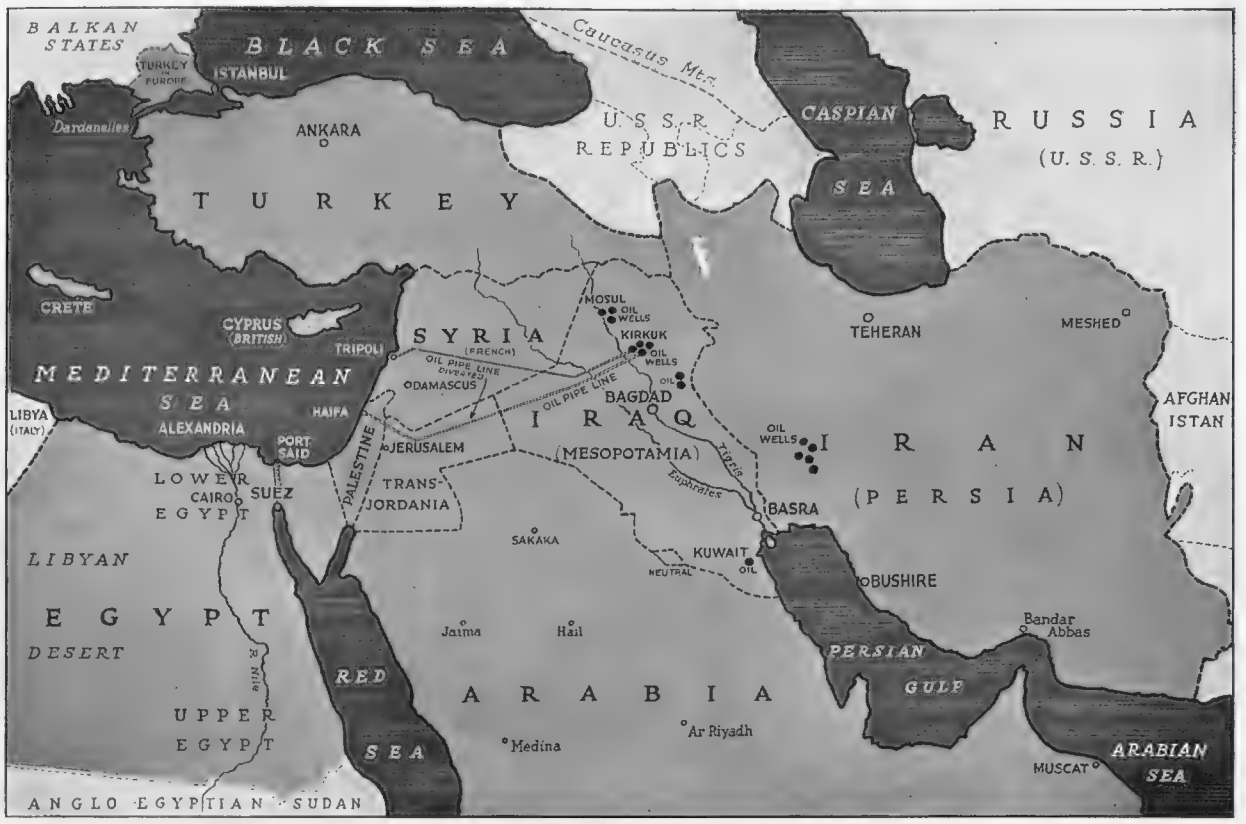
ONE OF THE STAFF OF B.B.C. "MONITORS" AT WORK: A vital centre in war-time London is the huge headquarters of the B.B.C. This organisation is not only an important entertainment and information undertaking; it is regarded by millions of people in other countries—especially those overrun by Hitler—as a source of accurate news. For this reason, the B.B.C. maintains a twenty-four-hour transmission service in a multitude of languages. In addition, it is Britain's "ear" in the ether. It has a special "Monitor" staff listening to the world's radio stations, particularly those putting out propaganda. Many of these transmissions are recorded, perhaps to be replied to later

LONDON'S ONLY SHEPHERDESS TO RETIRE: Mrs. Lily Mortimer, aged sixty-eight, believed to be London's only shepherdess, and her husband, William Mortimer, aged sixty-six, a Hampstead Heath shepherd for the last ten years, are back on the Heath caring for a flock of more than 400. This is to be their last season, as both of them are to retire at the end of it. Mrs. Mortimer says that their association with the Heath extends for nearly forty years. They live (in the above picturesque surroundings) in a horse-drawn caravan, and they have two sheepdogs, "Tweed" and "Ben," to help in their work of rounding-up their charge

THE FIRST WAR HARVEST WILL SHORTLY BE READY: Given fine weather, the work of gathering the first real harvest of the war should now be in full swing throughout Britain. A start with winter oats was made last week. Sufficient helpers for immediate needs have already been enrolled, the volunteers including university students, schoolboys and holiday-makers. This is the type of English farmer who will see that there is a plentiful supply of crops to be harvested. He is Mr. Herbert Purser of Town Farm, Stanwell, Middlesex, here seen with a few of the awards he has won for agriculture: his full score is over 500 in twelve years

IN SYRIA TO-DAY:

A Section of the Near East which Has Been Left in an Uncertain State by the Collapse of France's Imperial Policy



SYRIA LIES IN THE NEAR-EASTERN SECTION OF THE WORLD'S CHESSBOARD—a region which is full of latent problems. The situation produced by the defection of France is one of considerable uncertainty. Britain has stated that neither Syria nor Lebanon will be allowed by her to be occupied by a hostile power

FRANCE has long coveted Syria. Her claim is based on the Latin kingdom established in Syria at the time of the Crusades. Its duration was brief, but French memory is enduring, and this far-distant claim was actually brought forward at Versailles as one of the reasons for the French holding of Syria. Feisal brought things to earth by asking quietly, "But, pardon me, which of us won the Crusades?" Napoleon was repulsed at Acre, but after Waterloo the French Government still hankered after Syria, having had to relinquish their conquests in Europe. In 1832 they supported the Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, when he fought the Sultan to obtain the Governorship of Syria, and in 1840 they nearly went to war with England, when Palmerston forced Egypt to resign Syria.

It was during the Great War that the French claim for Syria was brought forward prominently, and in very troublesome fashion for the Allied cause. They prevented an attack on Alexandretta and so the British were obliged to undertake the long and costly operation of attacking Turkey from the farthest point in Palestine instead of thrusting in at a deadly point.

THEY RUN FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES: The flow of oil through the Syrian branch of the oil conduit system from the Iraq wells has now been diverted to Haifa, a measure to obviate any possibility of enemy action; the sabotaging of the pipes, frequent in the past, ceased some time back

In 1916 the famous Sykes-Picot treaty divided Turkey's still unconquered lands as follows: France receiving Syria including Mosul but excluding Damascus; Britain retaining Mesopotamia; and the Arabs having a zone in between.

The revolt of the Arabs, in which Lawrence played so great a part, assisted the British in the war in Palestine, and as a reward for their prowess the Arabs were given the privilege of making the race for Damascus in 1918 when the Turks had at last been broken. But France was ready for entry into Syria too and Picot (of the treaty) was sent out to take possession. He found the British troops in command and Feisal at Damascus. He at once wrote asking for 20,000 French troops and for the English to hand over Syria at once, otherwise "our position will be ruined in Syria as it has been in Palestine." Of course it was recognised by the Arabs that it was the British who had conquered Iraq, Syria and Palestine, and they were more prepared to settle down under some settlement with them than under the French. There had been a preliminary agreement arranged about Syria in 1919 whereby Feisal was made ruler at Damascus over a territory lying inland of Syria but very much under the power of France when the British troops were withdrawn.

After France was given mandatory powers over Syria at the San Remo Conference in April, 1920, she soon seized an opportunity to march into Damascus and drive out Feisal. But her reign over her long-coveted possession was by no means an easy one.

With the outbreak of war with Germany in September last year, large forces gathered in Syria, consisting of Algerians, Tunisians, Moroccans, and troops from Indo-China and Madagascar, together with regular soldiers from France, under the command of General Weygand. As all the Arabs were intensely hostile to Germany there was no disaffection in the country.

All through the winter months munitions of war poured into Syria, and the Army was just waiting for the entry of Italy into the war when the great calamity of the surrender of France bought confusion. At first the High Commissioner, M. Puaux, and General Mittelhauser, in command of the troops, announced that they would fight on, but ten days later, on June 28, hostilities ended. General Weygand had used personal persuasion to induce General Mittelhauser to obey the Pétain Government.

Syria, it is said, remains calm on the surface, but there is a good deal of unrest below. The French Army is preserving order, but has lost prestige, and the Pan-Arab movement has revived, claiming that independence must be accorded. There is considerable pro-British feeling, largely a conviction that Britain is the only power under whom the Arabs can achieve independence. Trade between Syria and Palestine is re-opening, as both countries depend upon one another.

M. Puaux still remains High Commissioner, but General Mittelhauser has returned to France, leaving General Fougeres in command. The Polish troops, serving with the French, crossed into Palestine when hostilities ceased, and some French officers followed them. The forces already mentioned are still in Syria, together with a vast supply of munitions, and a considerable Air Force. The Arabs are nervous lest some bargain should be made with Italy or Germany; Turkey is awaiting events; and the British Government has announced that it will not permit the entry of a hostile power into Syria, and will resist attack on those countries in the Middle East they are pledged to defend.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY—A THROUGH ROUTE FROM EUROPE NOW OPEN

One of the ambitious dreams of Kaiser Wilhelm II was the visualisation of a strategic railway stretching from Berlin to Bagdad, thereby giving Germany— in the eventual success of her "Drang nach Osten"—access to the Middle East with a terminal port on the Persian Gulf. Starting at Konieh, which was some forty years ago the eastern terminus of the Anatolian Railway, the new railway line was carried eastwards through the Cilician Gates of the Taurus Mountains, on to Aleppo. From there it followed the present Turko-Syrian frontier to Nusaybin and Telkuchuk on the borders of Iraq. The section between Bagdad and Basra, which is built to the metre gauge, was completed some years ago, leaving a big gap of about 350 miles north of Bagdad in the 1,550 miles of total projected length. Railheads at Telkuchuk and Kirkuk were connected by a bus service. At the time of the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 the Germans had completed the section between Bagdad and Samarra. During that war British engineers carried out a further extension northwards to Baiji and Shargat. In 1928 the line between Baiji and Shargat, being found unsatisfactory, was dismantled. A complete new line, nearly 200 miles long, was later constructed with British assistance from Baiji to Telkuchuk at a cost of £3,250,000, thus completing the service from Europe right down to the Persian Gulf.* Two breaks occur in the journey, one where crossing by water from Haidar Pasha on the eastern side of the Bosphorus to Istanbul on the west side, and another change at Bagdad from the standard gauge (4 ft. 8½ ins.) which is used so far, to the metre gauge (3 ft. 3·37 ins.) between Bagdad and Basra. The ruins of Babylon, built 4,300 years ago by Nimrod, the "mighty hunter before the Lord," and Nineveh, the great city built by Asshur—the founder of the Assyrian empire—about the same time, lie quite close to the railway, and contrast with the forest of derricks of the Iraq oil fields. No doubt Kaiser Wilhelm's ambitious successor, Hitler, also has dreams about this iron road to the East.

EDWIN H. JUDD

* *The official opening of the new line from Bagdad to the Bosphorus took place without ceremony on July 17.*

A FINAL LINK IN THE BAGDAD-BOSPHORUS RAILWAY NOW COMPLETED: On July 17 trains began to run from Bagdad right through to Haidar Pasha, opposite Istanbul, via Mosul, Aleppo, and Konieh. The newly-completed section is some 200 miles in length

IN DESERTED S

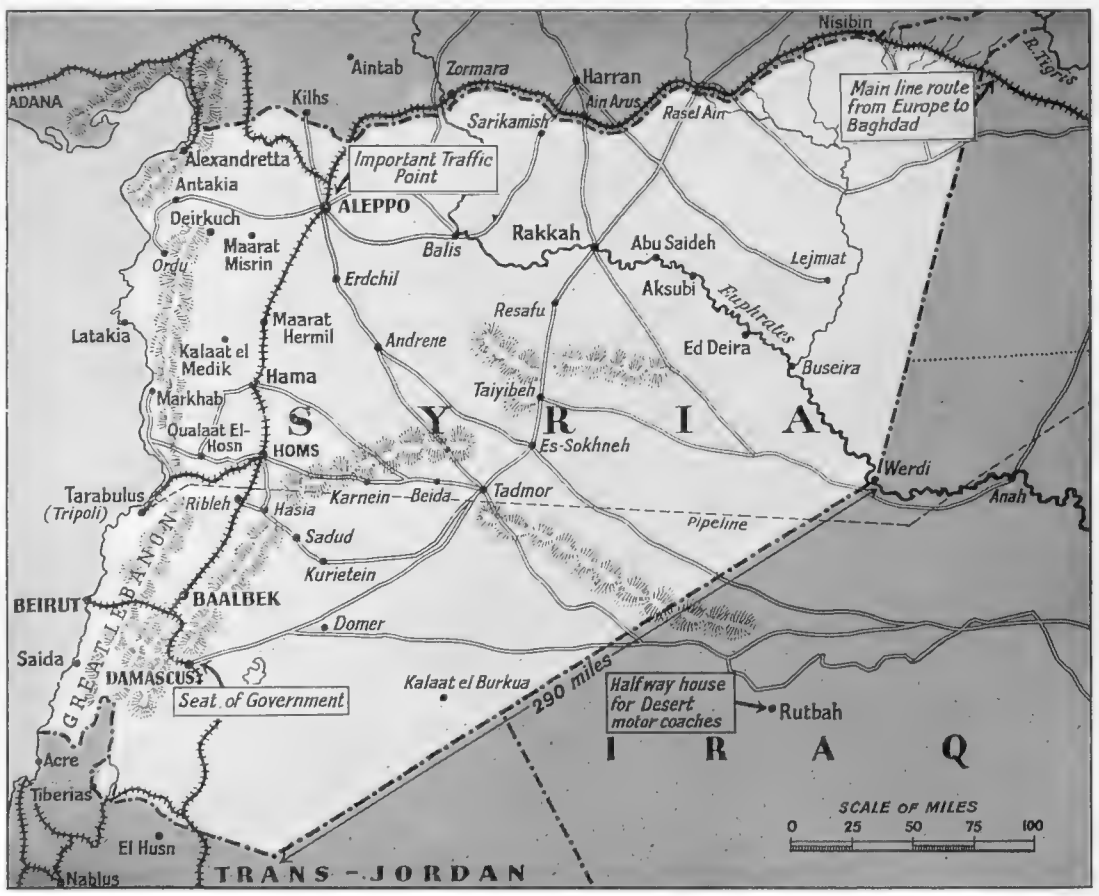
An Historic Land Where Crusaders Fought and Arab Blades Have Flashed, Now Left to an Unknown Fate by the Fall of France

SYRIA STILL HOLDS RECORDS OF ITS STORIED PAST: Among the hills of Syria the bastions and curtain walls of Norman castles erected in the days of the Crusades still stand

FROM STILL FARTHER BACK IN TIME—TWO WEATHERWORN TOWERS AT ANRIT, NEAR MANTAR

AN EXTRAORDINARY FEATURE OF AN ANCIENT SYRIAN CASTLE: THE "NEEDLE" OF SAHYOUN

This fantastic finger of rock once supported part of a drawbridge when the castle was occupied by armed forces in the early middle ages



A LAND WHICH NOW HAS TO BE WATCHED BY BRITAIN'S EASTERN FORCES

The change in policy, after the Governor's first bold utterance, has naturally left Syria in a state of instability. On the north Turkey impinges; on the south Palestine and Transjordan; while to the eastward is a long desert frontier touching Iraq. The newly completed railway skirts the northern frontier and runs south into Syrian territory to connect with Aleppo

These hoary towers are probably of Phœnician origin. The worn and scarcely recognisable lions at the base of the tower on the right afford a clue. One of the stones measures 21 ft. in height. What they guarded is at present lost in mystery

A CASTLE DATING FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

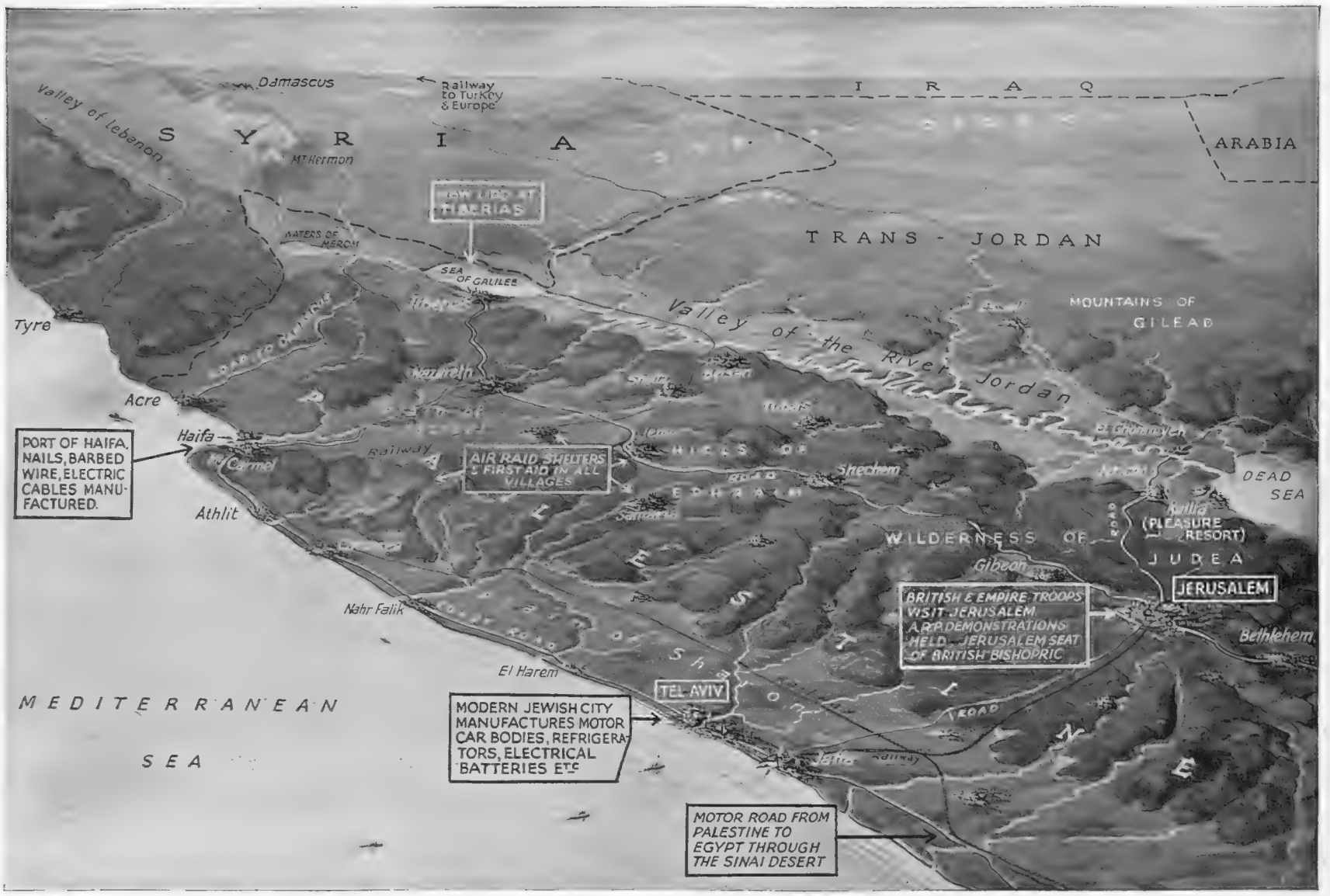
Still well preserved in parts, this Arab-constructed castle dominates the landscape from a rocky escarpment. It was captured by Knights of St. John. Arab architects copied the Western castle builders very closely

THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC WHICH EXISTED UNDER THE FRENCH REGIME: Damascus presents a fascinating outline to the eye, as seen from this viewpoint

A "MARBLE PALACE" OF DAMASCUS

This elaborate chamber, with its marble fountain, beautifully tiled floor, and elaborately-chased marble walls, is the reception-room of a wealthy Damascus merchant

AT THE ENTRANCE TO LEBANON STANDS BSHERREH, in typically rocky country. *On the right* is one of the famous covered bazaars of Damascus, the capital city



A LAND WHICH IS UNITED AGAINST THE COMMON FOE: Palestine has reacted to the war in a way which gives hope for the future. Jew and Arab are working with the Government, content to let old differences fade out of sight so long as there is threat of enemy action. This view shows the main points of importance in the territory stretching northwards from the latitude of Jerusalem. Jaffa is in the foreground, with Tel-Aviv, the Jewish city, just to the north

THE GIGANTIC CITRUS TRADE OF PALESTINE HAS BEEN HIT and the Government has therefore stepped in and taken over control. *Below*—All kinds of manufactures started by Jews in Tel-Aviv are proving of assistance. This view shows part of a factory for electrical appliances

LITTLE has been said as to happenings in Palestine since the war. Now and again we hear of the arrival of Australian and other troops, and that is about all. Ever since the outbreak of hostilities last September the Palestine Government recognised the peculiar and delicate position of the country and made preparations accordingly. When Italy definitely entered the war, however, Palestine was brought into the immediate war zone and many new problems arose.

There was the question of the German and Italian population. Many of them held influential positions. Some, more particularly the Italians, were inclined to be brazen, and it was found necessary to curtail their movements. Then there were the position of the churches, hospitals, schools, welfare centres, and missions maintained by various European nations. These institutions, many of them doing valuable philanthropic work, suddenly found themselves without funds and cut off from the parent body in the homeland. Unique, indeed, were some of the Holy Land's war problems.

Palestine is the home of the three great religious faiths—Judaism, Christianity, and Muhammadanism. These again are subdivided into many different sects. Her people speak many languages. Their education and culture is about as varied as their religious beliefs. To switch such a mixed community from its normal life over to modern war conditions presented innumerable difficulties calling for tact and patience. One of the first tasks of the Government was to counteract German wireless propaganda by explaining to the people in town and village by radio and through their own leaders and sheikhs the real cause of the war, the aim of Britain, and how everyone must behave in the case of air raid or invasion. The High Commissioner was given full authority to call upon the services and property of everyone as may be needed for the prosecution of the war, but Democracy recognises that the people themselves must be as equally enthusiastic for victory as their Government. At the time of writing, however, conscription has not been introduced in Palestine.

In Jerusalem and other centres there have been A.R.P. demonstrations to show the people how to act in case of air raids. In these demonstrations dummies representing bombs of 100, 250, and 500 lb. were used. A lecturer informed his audience how they worked. They were ignited with small quantities of the incendiary material used in bombs to show its effects on metals and indifference to water. A special fire-fighting service was organised as well as a Red Cross service. Every village, in fact, boasts a first-aid depot. At Haifa, Tel-Aviv, Jaffa and other vulnerable areas both public and private air-raid shelters have been built, and arrangements made to evacuate school children from the danger zones. Curiously enough, Jerusalem itself is generally regarded as one of the safest centres in the country, because it is contended that not even Germans or Italians would dare attack the holy city.

There has been a ban on wireless receiving sets in cafés, restaurants and shops, and a restriction of vehicles in certain parts of the country. Petrol is rationed, though by no means so severe as it is here. There is a refinery at Haifa built a few years ago to deal with oil brought to the port, a distance of 600 miles across the desert by a pipeline from the wells of Iraq. Palestine is not short of oil. Attention has been paid to the protection of the holy places, and in a hundred and one other ways precautions have been taken to meet any emergency.

A significant fact about the present upheaval was that it brought peace to the country; that is, in so far as the Arab and Jewish question is concerned. Both sides sank their differences and came boldly out on the side of Great Britain. This was not altogether unexpected in the case of the Jews, but the Arabs were equally as enthusiastic in their support of the British cause. Leaders of both parties expressed wholehearted devotion to the principles of Democracy for which Britain took up arms. They voiced their determination to prevent the penetration of the enemy into the country and of maintaining its defence.

This attitude of the Arab and the Jew was most welcome and made much easier the task of the Government in preparing the country for war. Whether it will eventually mean that the long and bitter controversy which has marked Jewish settlement in the land of their forefathers will ultimately disappear time alone can tell.

All the leading towns, including Jerusalem, are blacked out at night. Hundreds of young Jews have joined the air force and are proving apt pupils. The other month they organised a gliding contest, the first ever held in Palestine, when one young Tel-Aviv competitor remained in the air in his motorless plane for 9 hrs. 10 mins.

One of the economic problems that confronted the country when war broke out was the inability to ship Palestine's immense citrus crop. There were some 17,000,000 cases of oranges and grapefruit, but only 7,000,000 cases could be handled by the shipping available. This spelt ruin to the growers. It meant something like 1,000,000,000 oranges going begging. The large body of troops in the country accounted for 1,000,000 or so cases. The very basis of the industry was seriously threatened and the Government wisely stepped in, granted credits to the growers, and established a Citrus Control Board to deal with the problem.

IN PALESTINE TO-DAY: A LAND UNITED AGAINST the COMMON FOE

British and Empire Troops are Aided by French and Arab Volunteers in Holding the Land Against Any Enemy Action From Far or Near

LORD LLOYD INSPECTS PALESTINE A.M.P.C.s: Lord Lloyd (Secretary of State for the Colonies) inspected men of the Palestine Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, when he visited the Aldershot Command a few days ago. After putting up a brave resistance these men were the last to leave St. Malo following its evacuation

ONCE A BIG TOURIST HOTEL—NOW CONVERTED TO MILITARY USES: A Soldiers Club occupies this corner site in Jerusalem—and very comfortable the Australian troops find their quarters are

THE TORTUOUS COURSE OF THE RIVER JORDAN AS IT FLOWS DOWN TO THE DEAD SEA: This picture, taken from the air on the eastern side of the famous river, shows the extraordinary convolutions of the stream as it winds among thick vegetation which is restricted to the immediate proximity of the river channel

TROOPS ARE TO BE SEEN EVERYWHERE: Here are some Australian troops parading through one of Jerusalem's main thoroughfares. Note the modern shop buildings on the left

When Jews from the industrial areas of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Rumania began to settle in Palestine and to establish industries similar to those which they had followed in the land of their birth, many doubted the wisdom of such ventures. Palestine, they said, was an agricultural country, not an industrial one. True, a hydro-electric plant had been established on the River Jordan, and potash and other mineral salts were being wrested from the waters of the Dead Sea. Anyhow, the ventures proved a success, and at the time of the outbreak of the war they were exporting all kinds of articles and commodities from motor car bodies and wireless sets to razor blades and artificial teeth. These goods went to markets in Europe. When these were closed by the war the manufacturers had an anxious time.

In the change-over from normal to war conditions Palestine experienced many difficulties, irritations, and pin-pricks. All kinds of adjustments were needed to meet the new conditions. On the whole, the people rose to the occasion with a commendable spirit.

Mention has been made of the difficulty of those nations now closed by Nazi domination in maintaining their institutions in Palestine. The Danish Mission may be cited as an example. It was spending £800 a month on religious, educational, and philanthropic work in the Near East. The mission suddenly found itself in the position that it could not carry on its work.

The principal sufferers would have been the native population. The Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem took up the matter through the United Missionary Council of Palestine and Syria, and made such arrangements that the most essential part of the mission's work should not suffer.

On right—BRITISH TROOPS IN PALESTINE: The plains are dotted with these camps, and marching men give a martial air to the country

THE WORK OF "THE TRADE"

What the Submarines Have Done in the War

Described by F. BOWEN

THE "R" CLASS were the last submarines built for general service before the design of British submarines was divided for efficiency and economy. This vessel is actually the *Rover*, which was completed in January, 1931, with one 4-in. gun, two machine-guns and eight 21-in. tubes. She carries a crew of fifty

THE "S" CLASS of between 900 and 1,000 tons have proved admirably handy in getting to close quarters at cruisers and transports inside their protective escorts; they are noteworthy for their very rapid diving. This is actually the *Sturgeon*, which was completed in December, 1932

THE British Submarine Service—"The Trade" as it is still called by its own people—is very properly a section of the Navy whose activities are most carefully hidden by the censorship, for there are many things in it of which the enemy has very little information and which are constantly giving him a sharp surprise. Both the German and Italian navies have become accustomed to giving a disproportionate value to the submarine arm, and in the early days of the war they were inclined to be derisive about the strength of the British under-water fleet.

It is true that we started the war with the smallest submarine fleet among the great powers, with the exception of Germany who had not had time to complete her plans worked out in the greatest secrecy, but to a considerable extent we made up for our lack of numbers by the very sound design of the great majority of our ships and the undoubted efficiency of their crews.

The British total of sixty-nine ships built and building was further reduced, as far as active work was concerned, by the fact that twelve were left over from the last war and were useful for little more than training. These ships are distinguished by retaining the old system of numbers and initials instead of names, nine of the little "H" class of 500 tons submerged and three "L" boats, 1,080 tons, which had succeeded the famous "E" class during the late war as the general service type and had been very successful. Both the "H" and "L" boats were the last survivors of what had been very large classes.

Post-war construction was recommenced with the "O" class launched between 1926 and 1929, but actually built to two very different designs. The first three, including two which were built for the Australian Navy and returned, have a submerged displacement of about 1,850 tons, a speed of 15 knots and an armament of one 4-in. gun and eight torpedo tubes, in addition to the small anti-aircraft pieces which are carried by every British submarine. The last six are 2,038 tons displacement and 17½ knots, and they are all fine ocean-going craft which have proved themselves capable of going to the ends of the earth. The five ships of the "P" class, built in 1929, are practically the same as the later "O's," and the four "R" class of the next year are also of the same general design. Two more "R" boats were ordered but cancelled.

The 1929 estimates began to divide up the design of British submarines according to the functions which they were intended to carry out, a very necessary policy if the fleet was to be built up with economy. They covered the first of the three "River" class submarines, designed to work with the battle fleets when necessary and given the record surface speed of over 22 knots. They have a displacement of 2,700 tons, carry two less torpedo tubes than the "O," "P" and "R" classes, and cost over £500,000 apiece on account of their big power. At the same time the estimates provided for the first two of the four ships of the Swordfish class, comparatively small and handy vessels costing under a quarter of a million each. Their submerged displacement was 927 tons, their speed 13¾ knots and their armament one 3-in. gun and six torpedo tubes. This design was later improved in the eight ships of the Shark type with a displacement of 960 tons, and these dozen handy boats are particularly highly regarded by submarine officers who consider handiness and rapid diving, impossible with a large displacement, as the most desirable attributes of a submarine.

The division into types was carried still further in the 1930 estimates which started the Porpoise class of minelayers, six vessels with a submerged displacement of 2,050 to 2,150 tons, a speed of between 15 and 15¾ knots, and an armament of one 4-in. gun and six torpedo tubes in addition to a number of mines. They cost between £350,000 and £430,000 apiece, those built in the Royal dockyards being the most expensive, and have proved themselves splendid ships for their purpose.

The 1935 estimates started the construction of the fifteen ships of the Triton class, including the *Thetis* of sad memory, some of which were still building at the outbreak of war. They were designed for the same patrol service as the "O," "P" and "R" classes but were smaller and cheaper, costing about £350,000 apiece with a displacement of 1,575 tons, a speed of 15¼ knots, and an armament of one 4-in. gun and no less than ten torpedo tubes which give them a great advantage in salvo firing. Finally the 1936 estimates gave the Navy what many desired more than anything else, the three handy little coastal submarines of the "U" class, 730 tons, 11½ knots, carrying six torpedo tubes and one light gun and costing about £200,000.

This fleet has been worked tremendously hard since the outbreak of war and naturally there have been a number of losses, although the casualties have not been unnaturally high considering the work they have done. In the "O" class the *Oxley*, returned from Australia, was destroyed by accidental explosion, and from time to time the Admiralty has reported the presumed loss of the *Seahorse* and *Starfish* of the Swordfish class, the *Shark*, *Sterlet*, and *Salmon* of the Shark class, the *Undine* of the "U" class, the *Grampus* and the *Seal* of the Minelaying class, and the *Thistle* and *Tarpon* of the "T" class; eleven ships in all.

The manner in which these casualties have been replaced and additions made to the list has not been published, but Britain is very well off for splendidly equipped shipyards having special facilities for the construction of submarines. Between the two wars several private firms have been specialising in submarine work, with a Government dockyard building similar vessels to check costs and to keep abreast of technical progress. The possible expansion of these facilities was shown in the last war when many private yards built submarines at short notice—six of them are still in existence and can do the same now—as well as the Royal dockyards.

The Admiralty's frankness in publishing losses, coupled with the absolute silence concerning additions, are apt to give the public a wrong impression but there is no ground for this. All our under-water craft have been doing splendid work at high pressure ever since the outbreak of war, but most of their feats cannot be described until after the peace; on the precedent of the late war, many will pass practically unrecorded even then. Only an occasional incident is released, a very small proportion of the number that actually happen, and these make thrilling reading even in the matter-of-fact phraseology of the Ministry of Information.

The little *Ursula*, one of the smallest in the active fleet, under Lieut.-Commander G. C. Phillips, who received the D.S.O. and his "brass hat," torpedoed a German cruiser of the Koln class right inside the Elbe estuary, although she had an escort of six destroyers, there were many patrol vessels in the neighbourhood, and he had to negotiate the Heligoland defences and minefields. Later she sank the ore ship *Heddernheim*.

Of the rather larger type the *Salmon*, under Lieut.-Commander Bickford, had a very successful cruise in which he torpedoed the cruiser *Leipzig* and sank a submarine, but he spared the liner *Bremen* because he could not carry out the attack according to the laws of humanity and international law, and he would not do it otherwise. It was a decision which frankly amazed the Germans, but which was fully appreciated in this country. Later he torpedoed the big cruiser *Blucher*. The *Salmon's* sister, the *Spearfish*, under Lieut.-Commander J. H. Forbes, severely damaged the pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*. The *Sunfish* and *Scalion* took a heavy toll of the German transport fleet to Norway, and the *Snapper* under Lieut.-Commander W. D. A. King, D.S.O., sank the petrol tanker *Moonsund* and three transports on one cruise, and later secured two hits with his torpedoes on a military supply convoy

A BRITISH SUBMARINE RETURNS TO HER BASE BY NIGHT. Note the White Ensign lashed over the conning tower dodger for recognition by aircraft, the new and serious complication with which submarines in this war have to contend. Incidentally, it is quite the thing now for submarine officers and ratings to grow beards—shaving is no joke in a submarine under active service conditions

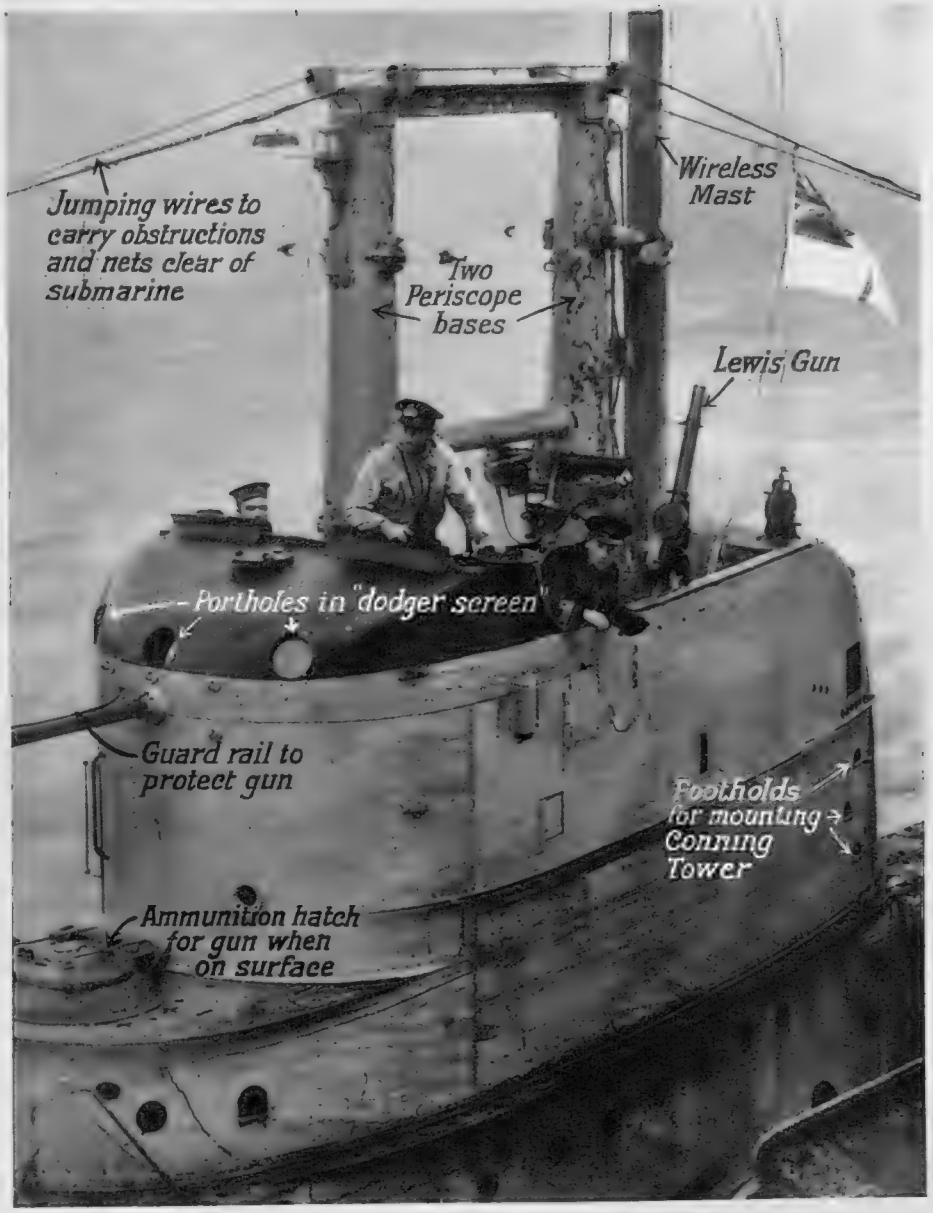
THE BOLD BOW OF THE NEW PATROL SUBMARINES OF THE "T" CLASS gives a very fine impression of power and they have proved excellent seaboats on hard service. This is *Thistle*, completed in May, 1939

fully escorted by armed trawlers and aircraft and hit three ships in another which had similar protection.

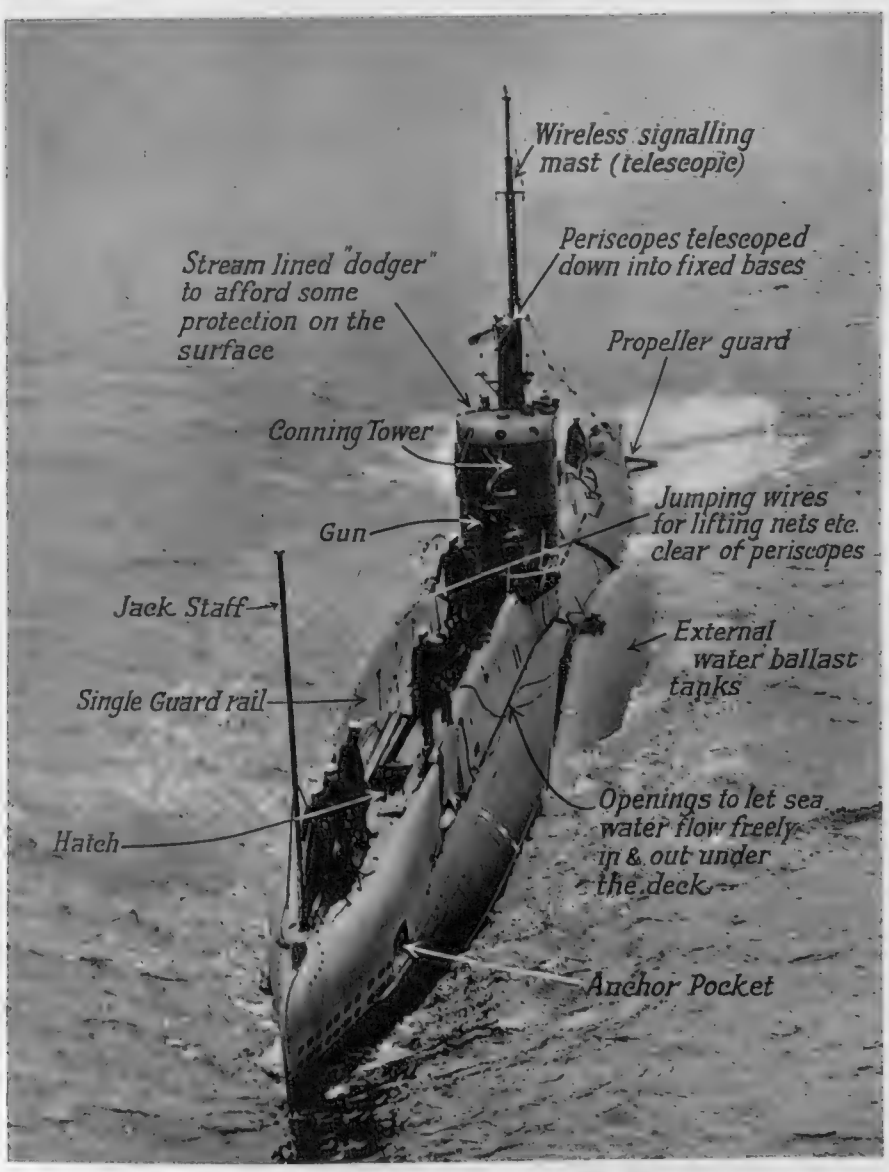
The feat of the fast submarine *Clyde*, in torpedoing the 26,000-ton battleship *Scharnhorst* off the Norwegian coast in spite of a big escort of destroyers, was particularly praiseworthy because the attack was carried out under conditions which would have been very difficult for the handiest of small boats, whereas the *Clyde*, on account of her speed, is an unusually large one and therefore heavily handicapped in an attack of that sort.

The units of the big "T" class have also distinguished themselves. The *Truant*, under Lieut.-Commander C. H. Hutchinson, forced the storeship *Edmund Hugo Stinnes* to scuttle herself and sank the cruiser *Karlsruhe* during the Norwegian operations. The *Tetrarch*, under Lieut.-Commander R. G. Mills, accounted for a big transport in spite of an escort of four of the motor torpedo boats which the Germans considered to be infallible against submarines in narrow waters. The *Triad* accounted for more than one transport in the Norwegian operations, the *Triton* got four torpedoes home on an Army convoy going to Norway, and the *Trident*, during the same operations, destroyed the big tanker *Posidonia* on her maiden voyage and drove a transport ashore.

These are only a proportion of the successes which "The Trade" has scored against the enemy, and the whole of the personnel takes a very proper pride in the fact that, in spite of the natural temptation to pay the Germans out in their own coin, there has not been a single case where the whole operation has not been carried out with strict regard to the laws of civilised warfare.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE CONNING TOWER OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE: This view shows the periscope bases; the wireless signalling mast; the "dodger" screen which gives a certain amount of protection when the submarine is running on the surface; and other features



SOME EXTERNAL FEATURES OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE: This view shows the position of the conning tower, the gun, the anchor pocket, and several other features. It has frequently been stated that more ingenuity and economy of space has been displayed in the design of a submarine than almost any other object on earth

THE 4-IN. GUN ON THE CONNING TOWER: This picture shows how the gun is operated when the submarine is on the surface. This particular vessel—of the "L" class—carries a crew of thirty-nine under active service conditions; actually she has been employed in recent days for training submarine crews

With the BOMBER COMMAND

Some New Pictures of their Unceasing Work in the Night Skies

Below—When the pilots of the Bomber Command are out on a show, radio silence is strictly maintained at their bases throughout the night—unless one of the aircraft develops a defect which necessitates its immediate return. Then the Control Staff are notified immediately by wireless; and preparations are made for its reception by the ground staff

THE REAR GUNNER GOES ABOARD: Here is the lower gunner of a Hampden bomber climbing into his tiny compartment where he will remain throughout the course of the flight. A companion has another gun turret to himself above the fuselage in a similar position, but looking upwards; still a third gunner can be accommodated in the nose of the aircraft below the pilot's position. Once the aircraft is in the air the gunners cannot leave their positions but must endure their comparatively cramped quarters until the aeroplane returns to its base

AFTER THE RAID IS OVER—MEMBERS OF THE CREW MAKING OUT THEIR DETAILED REPORT: This picture gives a vivid impression of the lengths to which the R.A.F. go to ensure the correctness of their reports. It may be that the official report of a raid occupies only a few sentences; nevertheless, every incidental detail has been checked and re-checked before even those few sentences are given to the public. These members of a bomber's crew have just returned from Germany; before their impressions are allowed to become blurred, they are being questioned by the Interrogation and Intelligence Officer as to where they dropped their high explosive and incendiary bombs. Where corroborative evidence is available, this is taken into account when drawing up the report. No credit is given to pilots and crews unless the results are proved right up to the hilt—and when the crews return from their raid they find that the Intelligence officers of the Bomber Command are very difficult gentlemen to convince!

IN THE NOSE OF A GIANT "SUNDERLAND" OF THE COASTAL COMMAND: The bomb-aimer sets his bomb sights ready for action whilst on patrol with a British Convoy. This picture was taken during a flight by the Royal Australian Air Force, who have been co-operating on escort work around Britain. The bomb-aimer has a position in the extreme nose of the boat, where a Frazer-Nash gun turret is also located. The Sunderlands often carry out patrols over the wide ocean expanses of ten hours duration

LUNCH-TIME IN MID-AIR OVER THE ATLANTIC: The hot meals are cooked in the galley seen above, and served in the "wardroom." All the members of the crew have to contribute their rations for the preparation of the meal. And as they eat during the long patrol, above their heads hang the bombs which might the next moment be needed for an enemy submarine!

With the BIG FLYING BOATS

The Culinary Department on the Short Sunderlands; and a New Picture of the Bomb-aimer's "Office"

THE KITCHEN ON A SHORT SUNDERLAND: Carrying out patrols which sometimes extend over ten hours, the crews of these huge flying boats actually mess on board, receiving their meals from a properly equipped kitchen. It is only owing to their great internal spaciousness that the Sunderlands can permit of such an unusual luxury—in fact, it is probable that they are the only warplanes in the world thus equipped

ABOUT SOME GERMAN FIGHTERS

And Particularly About the New Slot Pusher Monoplane

By CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

ODD disconnected bits of information when jumbled together often give one a better mental picture of what is happening than does a connected story, especially when it is a platitudinous, polysyllabic, plantigrade narrative such as has been inflicted hitherto on the public in Air Ministry communiqués and bulletins.

Anyone who is in touch with the R.A.F. knows that on any day one can pick up enough material at any Air Force station to have made a month's work for Rudyard Kipling. And although nobody would expect the compilers of bulletins in a Government Department to be Rudyard Kiplings, even in embryo, one would expect stories of high quality to be turned out by the official gossip-machine.

There is the story, for example, of the bombing of the twin aqueducts on the Dortmund-Ems canal. I have only heard it at second-hand, and anyhow I don't pretend to be a word-wizard. The Handley Page Hampdens came down to about fifty feet to make sure of putting their delay-action bombs right into the water. One pilot said that he brought back with him a mental snapshot of an infuriated bargee standing on the stern of his boat, shaking his fist at the diving bomber and obviously hurling curses at it. As the bomber swept overhead the bargee overbalanced and fell backwards into the canal. Allowing for the scope of the German language in rhetoric, and assuming that a German bargee is as fluent as his English equivalent, a talking picture record of the incident would be worth a lot.

Nothing like enough was made of that affair. The canal carries, I have been told, the capacity of 300 goods trains a day. That is believable. Thirty 10-ton trucks is a good train and any of these German barges will take more than 300 tons. And 300 barges a day only means about one every five minutes. But it is a lot of material.

The published photographs are not good but one can, in the original, see that there is a lock or barrier of some kind at each end of the aqueduct, obviously to prevent the canal from emptying itself into the valley below if the aqueduct should be damaged. And one can see that one of the two aqueducts is empty. The bomb-craters at the bottom can be seen quite clearly.

An official story says that, days afterwards, men were seen unloading barges onto the bank. Carrying all that stuff down the river valley and up the other side to the part of the canal which is still full looks like a heavy job of portaging, as the Canadians call it. Evidently the other part of the aqueduct is damaged too, otherwise the barges could have put back to wherever the canal splits in two and could have gone over on the undamaged part of the aqueduct—which would have slowed things a bit, as single-line traffic does on a road.

Something has been said in several communiqués about bombing the Focke-Wulf factory at Bremen. If anybody has thought at all about these dull documents they may have wondered why the Bremen factory should be so unpopular with our people. The reason seems to be that the Focke-Wulf people, hitherto famous for the four-engined Condor air-liner, have taken on the production of a very fast little pusher monoplane fighter—an aeroplane which has the engine behind it driving a propeller air-screw, which is much more efficient than the tractor screw which is used by everybody in these days.

This machine was designed in Holland by Mijnheer Slot (no relation to the Handley Page Slot), who some years ago made a funny little pusher light-aeroplane which was supposed to be fool-proof, and was until one of our own pilots tried to fly it and crashed it.

It has one of the new 1,500 h.p. Daimler-Benz motors, and can carry anything up to about eight guns, arranged round the pulpit in which the pilot sits in front of the motor. Because it is a pusher the pilot has a clear view forward and upward and downward and behind round something considerably more than three-quarters of a sphere.

Something that looked like it, but had special features of importance, was offered to our Air Ministry technicians about Christmas last, and the designer was told that our technical geniuses "could see no objection to the publication of these patents."

Whether bombing the factory at which the machine is being made is better policy than building something still better ourselves is not for me to say. But in any case bombing the factory is good policy. Also, as I said last week, any aircraft factory is the best possible target, because it prevents the consumption of raw material, and prevents the production of the finished article.

Unfortunately for us, and fortunately for them, temporarily, the best of the German aircraft factories have works so far away that our bombers cannot get at them during the short hours of darkness round about Midsummer. But that trouble will cure itself as the nights grow longer.

Earlier in the year and late last year when our people used to start from English aerodromes and go right over to Prague and Vienna, and land in France to fill up with fuel on the way back, bombing German aircraft factories would have been easy. But for some reason best known to the politicians of that day, the Air Force was not allowed to drop anything other than bomphlets.

Now that France has caved in, our bombers are done out of the convenience of landing in France to refuel on the way home. Still, with another hour or two of darkness our people can get as far as the main Heinkel works at Oranienburg, 20 miles north of Berlin, and the Daimler-Benz motor works and other important targets near Stuttgart, and the B.M.W. motor works at Munich, because we can now fly over Holland and Belgium without infringing their neutrality.

Strange as it may seem, we did in fact waste time and petrol flying round the North of Holland when, on those bomphleteering raids, we could have shortened the distance quite a lot by flying straight across Belgium.

Naturally we could bomb German aircraft factories by day but that would mean more casualties, and as our people, thanks to their excellent navigation and radio direction-finding, seem to be able to bomb just as accurately by night as by day, there is no sense in asking for casualties.

Our bombers know the worst that the Germans can do to them with present equipment. If the little Slot monoplane comes out in quantities it may be dangerous. And it is so simple and so obviously cheap that it can be turned out quickly. But when it comes into action it will meet newer types of our own, so it will not be likely to repeat in this war the success which the Fokker monoplane won over our unfortunate B.E.2cs in the last war. At any rate we hope not.

The Germans have also, seemingly, brought into action the Heinkel 113, some of which have been shot down by our bombers. This created something of a sensation in the Press because the 113 is supposed to have a speed of about 400 m.p.h. It has the new Daimler-Benz 1,500 h.p. motor. Also it has wings with straight leading and trailing edges tapering together instead of the wings of almost elliptical plan which were used on its unsuccessful predecessor the He 112.

Actually the 113 is not a particularly new type. Some of them were used and did considerable execution during our lamentable operations in Norway. But, although we had no fighters there to meet it, it did not impress our people much.

Our Hurricanes and Spitfires are so much more manœuvrable that the 113 is not likely to get a shot at one of them unless it catches them unawares, because our machines can turn in a much smaller circle. Consequently the chief advantage of the 113 is that it can break off a fight and go away when it wants to do so. The little Slot Focke-Wulf seems to me to be more dangerous.

"While doctors differ the patient dies," is an old proverb which applies particularly to experts in armament. While experts differ about types of fighting machines we go on fighting with obsolete types, and while there is an argument between advocates of flying fortresses with four engines and crews of a dozen or so, on the one hand, and one man, one motor, one bomb, on the other, people have to go on bombing with obsolete bombers.

This applies just as much to our enemies as it does to ourselves. There was a school in Germany which went all out for the big Focke-Wulf Condor and the four-engined Junkers and so forth, then General Udet, who is essentially a fighting pilot, came in and scrapped the big wasteful stuff and concentrated on Heinkels and Dorniers.

Our fighters have brought down a fair share of them but they are not the delightful target that the big stuff would have been, and for a given number of man-hours work the Germans get about four times as many Heinkels as they would of the big stuff.

SOME OF THE "WAVY NAVY," OR THE BIRDMEN IN BLUE, OR THE FLEET AIR ARM: Despite that this Arm is the very newest branch of the fighting services, their exploits are now becoming known to all. The Fleet Air Arm is now operating in all parts of the globe, wherever the Navy has work to do. From Narvik to the Argentine; from the Narrow Seas to the Mediterranean; and from the deck of every cruiser; the "Wavy Navy" is supporting and maintaining the traditions of the Senior Service. Here is a group of officers of this Arm on active service around the shores of Britain—Lieut. Sir George Lewis, Bart., Lieut. G. B. Legge, Lieut.-Commander A. C. S. Irwin, Lieut. R. Ince, and Lieut. O. C. A. Hankey

ADDENDUM.—Fortunately neither Mr. Davies, THE SPHERE artist, nor I are experts on whom the lives of war pilots depend so we can differ as much as we like about the precise form which a one man, one bomb, one motor aeroplane would take, although we both agree on the desirability of such a type.

His picture in THE SPHERE of July 20 showed a machine with a fixed undercarriage and fixed tail-wheel, for ease of maintenance, and the pilot cocked up (on top of an engine driving a tractor screw) so that he would have a good view of what he was doing. But I argue that such an aeroplane would be desperately slow and would have to be escorted.

My idea of the type would be much like the Slot fighter, a little box with a big engine inside. On each side of the box would be petrol tanks, and underneath the box would be the one big bomb. In front of it would be a sort of pulpit in which the pilot would sit with an adequate supply of machine-guns with which to defend himself after he had dropped his bomb.

The airscrew would be aft between tail-booms. The wings would be on top so as to get a perfectly clear flow of air all along it straight into the airscrew, which would give very much higher efficiency. Properly packed together and properly streamlined a machine of that sort could be made so fast that no fighter could catch it.

Just because a fighter must have enough wing surface to manœuvre in a fight, one can always build a bomber with very heavily loaded wings which will be faster than the fastest fighter. But if one wants to do so one must abolish everything that sticks out.

The CANADIANS at WORK

Scenes from the South of England Where These Fine Troops are now Standing in Defence

THE CANADIAN ARMY ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN ENGLAND: The Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, who are holding an important part of the defence lines in the South of England, are here seen on a route march through the peaceful countryside

THE V.C. COMMANDER OF THE CANADIANS: Major-General G. R. Pearkes, V.C., of the 1st Canadian Overseas Division, on right. General Pearkes is an Englishman from Watford, who rose from the ranks in the last war. He left England for Canada thirty years ago

IMPROVISED DEFENCE TRENCHES AND CAMOUFLAGED LORRIES UNDER THE TREES: The Canadian Seaforths rehearsing tactics to repel the invader whilst encamped in one of Britain's Defence Areas in the South

MILITARY EXERCISES AMONGST THE WILD FLOWERS: These soldiers are daily engaged in exercises to keep them in tip-top condition

CANADIANS MAN AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT TRENCH POST: The Dominion's troops are all superbly equipped and trained, and will prove an important contribution to Britain's fighting forces. Their fine physique and other high qualities have impressed all those with whom they have come in contact

JERSEY'S MILITIA IS NOW TRAINING IN ENGLAND, TOO: Evacuated from the Channel Islands some weeks ago, the Militiamen of Jersey are now in training in this country, and are anxious to do their bit to defend these shores. Here is a Lewis gun team leaving their concealed observation post in open country to attack during exercises

The KING WITH THE NAVY

HIS MAJESTY INSPECTS FRENCH WARSHIPS DURING HIS TOUR OF NAVAL PORTS AND DOCKYARDS: COMING ASHORE FROM A VESSEL AFTER HIS INSPECTION

INSPECTING SAILORS OF THE NORWEGIAN NAVY WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND: ANOTHER INCIDENT DURING THE KING'S TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

THE KING INSPECTS A FLEET AIR ARM STATION DURING HIS VISIT TO THE NAVY

In continuance of his recent visits of inspection, His Majesty has just made a tour of Naval depots and shipyards in the South of England. Accompanied by Admiral Sir William James, Commander-in-Chief, the King inspected those French warships and their crews which have now passed under the command of General de Gaulle and Vice-Admiral Muselier, a big aircraft factory, and two Fleet Air Arm stations. During his tour an air raid warning was sounded and for half an hour the King took cover until the raiders had passed: the warning signal was given whilst His Majesty was inspecting new entries to the Navy. At once the young men marched off to their shelters, cheering the King as they did so

MR. EDEN'S VISIT TO NORTHERN IRELAND: TWO PICTURES TAKEN DURING

KING HAAKON SEES THE "SCANDINAVIAN DEMOCRACY" FILM

The Workers' Educational Association, which before the war was co-operating closely with the W.E.A. of the four Scandinavian countries, gave a film for Norwegian seamen at the St. George's Hall in London a few days ago. King Haakon of Norway was present and saw the film *Scandinavian Democracy* which was made at the Anglo-Scandinavian Summer School of 1939 near Oslo. In this picture the King is seen with the Crown Prince Olaf: and behind them are some of the seamen audience

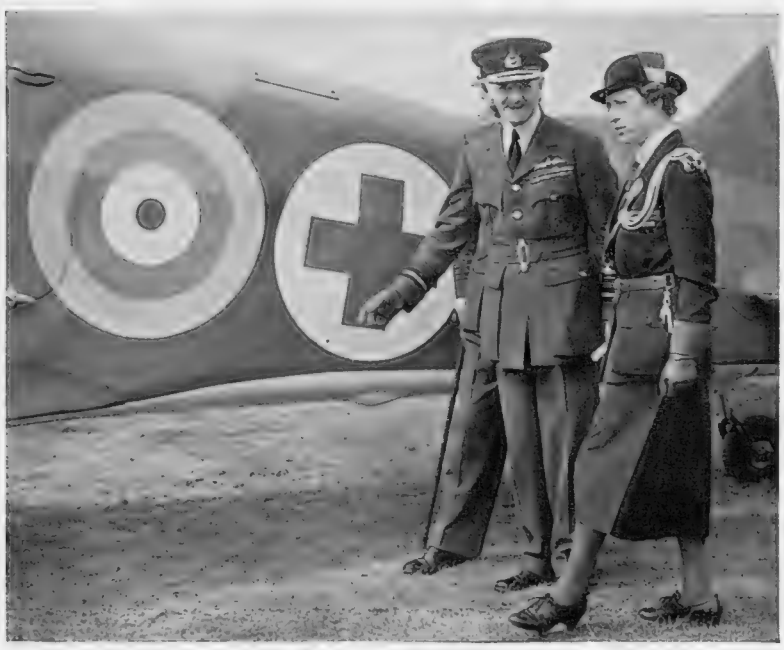
"BLACK-COAT" MEN AS PART-TIME WORKERS ON MUNITIONS

Faced with the problem of what to do to aid in Britain's war effort, Mr. Hoggarth, of Whitton, Twickenham, obtained an introduction to the managing director of a munition factory on behalf of himself and a band of twelve professional friends. His idea was that they should take the place of the workers, thus giving them a Sunday off. The scheme has attracted widespread attention and it is hoped that further parties of volunteers will be able to relieve the men of their

THE WAR SECRETARY'S VISIT, WHEN HE INSPECTED TROOPS AND DEFENCES

The THAMES "NAVY" ON PARADE

THE UPPER RIVER PATROL REVIEWED BY ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE: THE "LITTLE SHIPS" PASSING THE SALUTING BASE IN FRONT OF THE ADMIRAL



THE PRINCESS ROYAL PRESENTS TWO AIR AMBULANCES TO THE R.A.F.

Three months ago a scheme was launched whereby girl guides were to subscribe £20,000 of their pocket money to buy two air ambulances for the R.A.F., costing £15,000, and a motor lifeboat, costing £5,000. A few days ago, the Princess Royal, on behalf of the Girl Guides' Association, presented the two air ambulances to the R.A.F. These are Airspeed Oxfords with specially fitted bodies. *Above*—The Princess Royal, accompanied by Air Marshal E. L. Gossage, is seen about to inspect one of the ambulances

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR BASIL BROOKE (CENTRE), INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE PATROL. ON THE LEFT IS MR. DAVID AINSLIE, COMMANDER OF "B" STRETCH

The Home Guard have a "Navy" now—patrolling 125 miles of the River Thames, guarding by night and by day the locks, reaches, meadows, towpaths, and landing places on the river. Last week-end the "B" Stretch Flotilla of the Upper Thames Patrol was inspected by Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke and Vice-Admiral W. T. James. This flotilla guards one of the river's biggest "stretches," as each patrol area is called

THE "BLACK-COAT" MUNITION WORKERS DRAW THEIR PAY

duties on Sundays. To be sure that employers are not exploiting anyone the volunteers receive pay at union rates, which they put (except expenses) into the National Savings Accounts opened for them by the under-foreman. In the picture *on the left*, the volunteer workers are seen at lunch amidst their machinery; and *above*, Mr. Hughes, the works cashier, is seen issuing pay tickets to the workers who, in turn, are paying all but expenses into the National Savings Accounts

THE KING'S RIVER CRUISE LAST WEEK-END

On Sunday last the King and Queen, accompanied by the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, had a cruise along the upper reaches of the Thames: the King took the opportunity of inspecting sections of the Thames Patrol. Here the Royal party is seen in Boulter's Lock: the King and Queen are on the left of the launch and the Princesses on the right

THE QUIETER SIDE OF THE WAR

ONE OF THE DUNKIRK LIFEBOATS UNDERGOES REPAIR: Nineteen lifeboats of the R.N.L.I. were amongst the "Little Ships" at Dunkirk. Together they brought off some thousands of men from the open beaches. Only one of them, the Hythe boat, was lost; but most of the others received damage of some sort. They are now being repaired at their various home stations along the coast. In this picture is seen the Clacton lifeboat—R.N.L.B. *Sir Edward Z. Dresden*—which is being overhauled in Essex before being put back into commission

PRIZE-GIVING FOR CADETS OF H.M.S. "WORCESTER": Owing to the fact that the cadets of the famous training ship, H.M.S. *Worcester*, have been evacuated from their home on account of war conditions, the annual prize-giving this year took place at their shore station. Lady Currie, wife of Sir William Currie (chairman and a managing director of the P. and O. and British India Steam Navigation Companies), was present at the ceremony and awarded the King's Gold Medal. This picture gives a general view at the ceremony

THE TEMPLE RAILINGS GO FOR SCRAP: As a contribution to the nation's scrap collection, the Choir Committee of the Inner and Middle Temples have made a handsome present of the fine wrought-iron railings surrounding the Temple Church. In the picture above, the line of railings is seen dismantled and ready for conveyance to the smelting pots, presenting a new and novel appearance to this historic spot, so well known to visitors to Central London

AIR-RAID SHELTERS AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: Many hundreds of new air-raid shelters are being constructed all over the country. Outside the Royal Exchange in the City, workmen have been busily employed building a huge shelter which will be capable, when completed, of housing many of the City's clerks and typists. The problem here, of course, is to provide adequate accommodation for the great influx of workers who only need this provision during the daylight hours

UNDERGRADUATES AS WAR-TIME FORESTRY WORKERS: Oxford undergraduates are spending their holidays as forestry workers felling trees to be used as pit props in the Wye Valley at Tintern, near Chepstow. They number about fifty-eight and earn £2 8s. per week for this work. Their day extends from 7.30 a.m. up to 5 p.m.; and their work consists of felling trees, cutting and stacking

SCHOOLBOYS HELP IN NATIONAL DEFENCE: The boys of Marlborough College, Wiltshire, are spending their half-holidays between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m. in tree felling for National Defence in Savernake Forest. After cutting down the young trees they drag them to the roadside for collection: these trees will then be used for pit props—a very urgent need at the present moment

The girl who says "and Schweppes is mine
You'd hardly call a Philistine

6 A.M. REVEILLE: The band of the N.Z.E.F. (2nd Echelon) is the first Colonial band to come to England since the last war. A number of these musicians are gold medallists and have all silver instruments. They played on board ship on the way over, have made recordings for the B.B.C., and played for the King during a luncheon when he visited the Brigade. The reveille is unique in this brigade, for instead of the bugle, the band parades at 6 a.m. and plays a "rousing" march through the camp

LISTEN TO THE R.A.F.: The orchestra of the Central Band of the Royal Air Force gave their first concert at the National Gallery last week in the popular series of lunch-time musical entertainment. The musicians, who were conducted by Squadron-Leader P. S. O'Donnell, are seen during the interval

LONDON FASHIONS FOR THE WORLD: The London dress houses have now captured the export trade formerly held by Paris. This shows a crowded scene in Norman Hartnell's salon when a mannequin parade took place before overseas buyers: the evening gown being shown is in frilled grey and pale pink tulle

OUT OF HARM'S WAY: When the order came into force for owners of rowing and sailing boats to remove them from certain beaches, many inland waterways became "parking-places" for hundreds of small craft. The boats shown above are stored on a lake on the outskirts of a South Coast town, safe from any unfriendly hands

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

BOOKS for the ARM-CHAIR TRAVELLER

"Night in Bombay"; "High Sierra"; "And so to Bath"

MR. LOUIS BROMFIELD has travelled a long way since he gave *Annie Spragg* to the world, and became someone to whom the wit and beauty of Europe flocked to accept a delightful hospitality at Senlis. Senlis, alas, is no more, and Mr. Bromfield has very properly returned to the Ohio farm of his forebears, there to write those rich and lush novels which have earned him a world-wide reputation, as well as the accolade of the Book Society for his latest, NIGHT IN BOMBAY (Cassell. 9s.).

Mr. Bromfield is supremely a novelist of colour and atmosphere, so that it was perhaps fortunate that he was able to put in some time in India before the European collapse drove him back to the Middle West. In India he found kaleidoscopic material and to spare in which to display his talents, and there can be no doubt that in *The Rains Came* they were brilliantly brought forth. In that book he went deep into the Indian scene with the fresh eye of an observer who could be detached from problems of East and West, from race, caste, empire-building, and empire maintenance.

In *Night In Bombay* he returns to the scene, and no one better than he can make the reader feel the seeping, stifling, humidity, the strange mixture of tawdry grandeur and hideous squalor, the hordes of minor officials, white and brown, ekeing out a precarious existence, and living like parasites in the swarming city of Bombay.

The teller of such a tale must respect the conventions, and in this case we have the loose-limbed, handsome, upright, clean-living young American, Bill Wainwright. He is a type of rich young American who has been a bit of a play-boy in his time, who has lived hard in cosmopolitan society, on his own eastern seaboard, as well as in all the *de luxe* places of Europe. Then there is the American glamour girl; beautiful, healthy, and apparently able to drink unlimited quantities of liquor (which she attributes to her Swedish ancestry), hard, defiant, unmoral and with a code which allows her to accept jewellery up to any fantastic amount in exchange for nothing, but never cash, except on a strict basis of alimony.

Then there is the high idealist, the missionary, Buck Merrill, a college friend of Bill's, who finds his vocation in India, dedicating his life to the amelioration of the starved and suffering populace. Add to these the comic opera figure of a Maharajah and his suite, a Parsee merchant or two, a sinister Central European female of indeterminate age calling herself a Baroness, a mannish and perpetually broke Australian sister of a Maharanee and an Indian intellectual, who is the strong man of the plot, and you have as rich a mixture as any novelist could imagine, with which to work out an unconventional picture of India in the classic form.

It should be noted that Mr. Bromfield is observing India as an American. None of his principal characters is British, though, since in Bombay the British are inescapable, the persistent leitmotiv is that what the American *wandervogel* runs up against in the life of India is not always found to be to the credit of those who govern that country. An example of this constantly recurring note is: "The servility of the English lower classes always embarrassed him, as the arrogance and bad manners of the upper classes irritated him. He wanted to say 'Listen, Mr. Smithers, we are both men. I am not going to fire you. Even if I am the son of the boss it does not make me God.'" It is possible to find nothing wrong with this statement. It is also possible to argue with it. Mr. Smithers, who is described as the "head man" of the office of which Bill Wainwright's father was the boss, may indeed have behaved like a cringing clerk, and he may also have gone on to invite the boss's son to the Bombay Yacht Club, of which he proudly declared he had just become a member. "Bill was not unkind or rude by nature, but now he struck. 'I appreciate your kind invitation,' he said, 'but I never go to the Yacht Club. I have never been inside it.'" On the score of arrogance and bad manners there appears to be little to add to this episode.

Nearly all the action in this novel centres upon the character of Buck Merrill, who, according to his Indian friend, Colonel Moti, is doomed to an early decease, unless his friends can save him. For years he had been married to a termagant of a wife. "She would not live with him, and Merrill is too decent a fellow—and too much of a fool—to take an Indian woman into the house with his wife. And he was too kind to hurt her. For ten years—this boy, who was meant by God to breed—lived beside this monstrous woman in absolute chastity. That, more than the typhus and the malaria, has wrecked his health." How Buck Merrill was saved from his fate must be left to the reader to discover. Further than that it does not bear too serious an examination.

There is a certain licence to be granted to all novelists, and Mr. Bromfield, like the rest, is entitled to make the fullest use of it. His strength, as I said before, is in his rich descriptive vein. He can make the reader see, feel and hear, and that is no small achievement, and one which will once more confirm him in his best-selling fame.

Mr. W. R. Burnett is a novelist who has never deviated from the American scene, and who first came into prominence in the gangster era. His *Little Caesar* was one of the first of the gangster novels to make any mark in this country and, although this book and others of its successors dealt with the tougher side of life, it was apparent that Mr. Burnett brought more than an ordinary talent to a powerful subject.

For a while he forsook his more familiar ground for that of the lucrative vein of historical fiction which has been sweeping America; but in his latest novel, HIGH SIERRA (Heinemann. 8s.), Mr. Burnett has returned to the theme of his earlier successes. It must be observed that gangsters are no longer the fashionable, romantic figures of the front page tabloids. With the passing of Prohibition and the tightening of the law, supported by the now famous G men, such survivors as exist are relegated to their rightful place among the criminal classes.

High Sierra is the story of Roy Earle, a gangster of the old era who had just been released after having served a long stretch in prison. He had been a big shot in the old days and he came out to find a different set of conditions. He was just as big, but a grey man in early middle age, with a melancholy obsession which led him once more to aspire to become Public Enemy No. 1. Symbolic of the new order of things is his chosen hide-out in the snow-capped Sierras, where he finds himself in the company of such untrustworthy people as a shifty Mexican hotel clerk and a couple of young thugs who had never before pulled off a big-time job.

No gangster story would be complete without a moll. There she is too, with a dog thrown in for sentimental interest. His training and his long term in prison have taught Earle to trust nobody and have at the same time sharpened his wits and his organising ability. The immediate objective is a *de luxe* resort in California.

Mr. Burnett is an expert at high pressure action and his story becomes almost unbearably exciting as it works up to its climax. So well does he succeed with the character of his gangster that the reader finds himself unable to rejoice that the law must prevail in the end. As a piece of escape literature this is first-rate entertainment. It is even more. It is very nearly first-rate literature.

Mr. Cecil Roberts has a long and impressive list of books to his credit, and some of the most entertaining of them have been centred upon his life at that charming house in the Thames Valley which he calls Pilgrim Cottage. He is also an indefatigable traveller, but it required someone of his insatiable curiosity and vitality to make a travel book out of the habit of an accustomed journey from London to Pilgrim Cottage.

The Bath Road has many associations, but I doubt if that piece of it which runs from Hyde Park Corner to the outskirts of Hounslow has ever inspired anybody except a member of the Georgian Group to paroxysms of rage. With the ingenious aid of a young Austrian friend named Rudolf, who had a passion for the father of the English novel, one Samuel Richardson, Mr. Cecil Roberts sets out on a journey to Bath.

AND SO TO BATH (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) begins with a visit to Richardson's house, which is to be found in Northend Road, Hammersmith. Mr. Roberts then proceeds, by way of Chiswick, and by much diverting gossip about people like Pope, Hogarth, Horace Walpole and the like, to the one-time stately mansion of the Earl of Burlington, to traces of Caesar in the fetid, gas-laden air of Brentford, to the glories of Syon House, still a ducal mansion, to the gazebo where once Shelley could be seen plain, to the Palladian splendours of Osterley and so on through the long journey to Bath.

On the way we meet, in his company, highwaymen, duchesses, rakes, painters, poets, men of letters and legendary hard-riding and drinking squires. We enter faded and decayed houses which once basked in the grandeur and squalor of the eighteenth century.

Never once do we fail to be entertained, for Mr. Roberts is a Baedeker with an inspired pen, and his book is supported by some delightful colour illustrations.

In pre-petrol rationing days the journey to Bath would be a good run in three hours. Mr. Roberts took three months; and, as far as we are concerned, not a minute of it was wasted.

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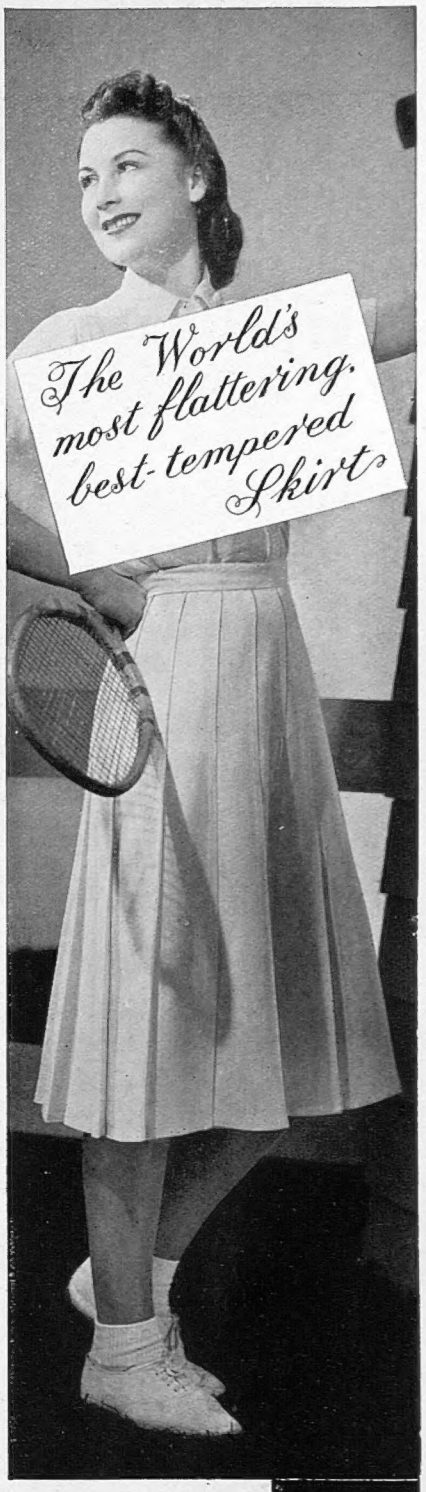

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"HIGH TEMPERATURE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: In this farce Clifford Mollison spends most of his time in or under the bed or in the clothes chest in front of it: he places Miss Winifred Shotter, who possesses a jealous husband, in a series of awkward situations. Miss Margaret Yarde plays the part of a militant aunt

A WAR-TIME BOOM IN THEATRELAND

"Dear Octopus" Again Presented: A Revival of "The Devil's Disciple": Shakespeare at Regent's Park: A New Farce at the Duke of York's

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

FOR some inscrutable reason there is something very like a boom in theatreland. True, it is a rather pathetic little war-time boom; yet a boom it is, and not the least remarkable feature is that it has come at a time when, normally, with Goodwood over and most of London's inhabitants (certainly the stall-buying ones) holiday-making—that mode of life seems tragically distant now—things are exceptionally quiet.

THE OPEN AIR THEATRE AGAIN: With characteristic courage, braving war and weather, the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park reopened for its eighth season last Saturday when R. J. Kenyon presented *A Midsummer Night's Dream* produced by Robert Atkins. The fairies are seen on their way to the open air stage for the first performance

A casual reference to a newspaper file tells me that there are considerably more theatres open in the West End of London this week than there were in the corresponding week a few years ago. There is no point in speculation as to the cause of this. That all theatres, and cinemas too, may close with a snap at any moment is, of course, a possibility, though I would venture to put it not as a certainty nor even as a probability.

"Dear Octopus" Again.—For some months the only serious play—indeed, the only non-musical play—still carrying on was *Rebecca*. This has now been joined by *Dear Octopus*, which has a similar flavour, even to the extent of some less formidable Margaret Rutherfords, who seemed to have wandered in from the Queen's. Apparently no play about an English country house is complete without a grey-haired housekeeper, privileged to be outspoken, and here are a brace of them. *Dear Octopus*, although the New Zealand soldiers who were the preceding attraction at the Adelphi would have found it hard to understand, is not a difficult play. For one thing, we do not have to worry our brains as to who committed the murder, for no murder happens. In fact, very little happens except pleasant talk, and the only mystery is why this play should be so charming, for charming it unquestionably is, with so little tangible dramatic material. Acted by an inferior company it would be something of an ordeal. Fortunately there is nothing inferior about the Adelphi team, though some of the minor members of it (and one major member) had not gauged the size of the auditorium and were to me hardly audible, and I was in the third row of the stalls. How much, or little, poor devils at the back of the gallery can have heard I prefer not to imagine.

However, this does not, of course, apply to Dame Marie Tempest; her perfect diction is not the least attribute of this superb veteran (if one of the most youthfully-minded women I know will forgive the term). Admirable, too, is Miss Helen Haye, who has succeeded Miss Kate Cutler. Another newcomer is Miss Agnes Lauchlan, who has a drily humorous style all her own.

"The Devil's Disciple."—This revival at the Piccadilly Theatre I thought far less satisfactory. In one important respect, though, all seems to be well—that is to say, the audience laughed and laughed and laughed, so commercial success seems probable and so much the better. Not for a moment do I suggest that one should not laugh at this rather bitter satire; for Bernard Shaw's wit had a youthful obstreperousness about it forty-one years ago (and even then he was himself over forty). But one should not play for laughs practically all the time and turn the thing into a slap-dash farce.

Perhaps Mr. Robert Donat, who succeeds Sir John Martin-Harvey as Dick Dudgeon, set the pace with a certain amount of over-heartiness and over-truculence in the first act. But Mr. Donat is far too clever an actor not to know when or where to draw the line and his performance on the whole was admirable. Good, too, was Mr. Livesey's parson, though a trifle under-toned; compared with the lady who played his wife, however, he was a veritable Bull of Basan. Mr. Milton Rosmer's General Burgoyne, I could have wished to be more port-winish and ripe; yet this was an intelligent piece of work and he obviously understood what the play was about. Some of his colleagues gave me the reverse impression.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."—Much is said nowadays, and justly, of the pluck of those who launch any theatrical enterprise at all. Supreme courage is the only label for those who run Shakespeare in the open air in war-time—not because Shakespeare is not to the public taste in war-time (it most decidedly is) but for other considerations into which it is not necessary for me to enter. Incidentally, this revival of *The Dream* was given its first performance within, as it were, the danger-zone of St. Swithin's Day, and the damp saint has been well living up to tradition this year.

The rain was descending like a myriad stair-rods as I crept, half-drenched already, into a taxi, bound for Regent's Park. The weather soon cleared, but not before the audience had been duly thinned and the "stage" made to resemble a football ground in a wet December. All the more praise, therefore, to Mr. Robert Atkins, the producer, and his company for triumphing over these and many other obstacles and giving us staunch survivors of what would probably have been a large audience a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

The fairies appeared to have been rationed a little, but the fairy-element, helped out by Mendelssohn's music, was peacefully to the fore and, as Mr. George Robey used to sing, "what *was* there, was good." There is not much of the Athenian, or Warwickshire, rustic about Mr. Francis Sullivan and he showed a conception of the character of Bottom which was new to me (he has reached this role via Oscar Wilde and Marshal Göring) yet by no means uninteresting, his fellow-clowns played up loyally with any amount of foolage and clownery. Miss Pamela Stanley (via Queen Victoria) is once again a delightful Puck. Miss Margaret Vines, the Titania, is, as they say, easy on the eye.

All the performances, by the way, have to take place in broad daylight, which one can hardly reconcile with Shakespeare's title. *Mais c'est la guerre.*

"High Temperature."—Outside the Duke of York's Theatre on the opening night of this farce was fixed a huge thermometer to register the laughter within. Most of the time it must have been at fever-heat. If I cannot myself laugh much at men being relieved of their trousers and at young women hopping about the stage in "undies"—all very proper, though—and of most members of the cast getting into or under a large double-bed that is my misfortune. Mr. Clifford Mollison's agility I certainly envied and Miss Margaret Yarde is too good a comedienne not to be amusing as a stalwart aunt of the Gilbertian brand.

ENGAGED: Miss Joan Winters, the "Little Gel" of Garrison Theatre, and her fiancé, Mr. Jack Venables, whom she met in Bristol in the early days of this radio and stage success

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE hotel "Front" is shortening. With a development of restricted areas, with more hotels being "taken over" by the Government, schools and business houses, one's quest of good hotels becomes more pronounced.

Within the last week recent "casualties" number the Hotel Riposo at Bexhill and the King's, Brighton, closed for the duration. And the Keswick Hotel, Keswick, taken by Roedean School.

On the other hand, there are good hotels normally full in August which are languishing because of whispering campaigns. "I don't think you'd be at all wise to go to so and so," says Mrs. A. to Mrs. B., "because I know for a fact three bombs dropped there last week." And Mrs. B. passes on her "news" to Mrs. C. and Mrs. D., but by this time in order to make her story more impressive, "So and so has had its pier blown up and streets in ruins."

Long before the end of the war I hope that there will be less loose talk and less wishful thinking on what constitutes safe and dangerous areas. How much better it will be when the public realise that no place is safe, yet there are few which are really dangerous.

It is unfair by loose talk to "ban" much of our still free coastline. Bombs may have, and may again, fall on seaside towns in the West Country, but they are just as likely to fall in the heart of the country, or, if we are really going to face realities, in one's own garden; and to anyone who has to consider children's holidays I have no hesitation in recommending many a place on the Devon and Cornish coastline, always provided that one takes the obvious precaution of inquiring first about air raid protection.

In spite of the shortening of the hotel front there are hotel developments.

The Royal, Cheltenham, a Trust House with a big commercial connection, has re-opened. "Kenya," a small Guest House hotel, has been opened at Boar's Hill, outside Oxford, under the management of Mrs. Mainwaring from the Harewood Hotel, Folkestone (closed for the war), and the Granby at Bradford-on-Avon, a junior edition of the Granby at Harrogate, has just opened a Garden House where from 4½ gns. one can enjoy Granby "comfort and calm."

These two latter instances of hotel enterprise in war-time might be copied with advantage by other hoteliers who have for the time being lost their clientele as a result of war repercussions.

There are a number of country mansions all ready to step into in the heart of the country where goodwill could be fostered and the flow of recommendations maintained.

In these days there is naturally a demand for country districts. At the moment the supply is greater than the demand, and I am convinced that the public would welcome the opportunity of staying at such junior editions of their old favourites, knowing full well that they could be assured of good food, good beds and good service.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. H., Sidmouth.—I think I have got the very place for you. It is the Three Ways Hotel, Mickleton, Glos. It is about six miles from Broadway and three or four from Chipping Campden, and would be well within your radius for Cheltenham. There is a large garden and the hotel is well run by Miss Sims.

T. O., Reading.—I know a number of places in the Cotswolds. There is a first-class place about five miles from Cheltenham called Rossley Manor, Andoversford, run by a Major Coxwell-Rogers. Another good hotel is the Mansion House at Evesham, run by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Purves.

F. J., Arundel.—In reply to your letter I have two places in particular to suggest to you. They are:—Crossacres, Selworthy, Somerset. Situated in a very attractive part of the world, the hotel has a beautiful garden, and is more like a country house. It is run by Mr. and Mrs. Swift.

The other, Cotswold House Hotel, Chipping Campden, Glos., is also very nice. Chipping Campden itself has to be seen to be believed, and Cotswold House is well run and comfortable, and has a charming garden and a private squash court. Owners Mr. and Mrs. J. Hargreaves.

R. S., Caton.—I would suggest that a good place for you to stay would be the King's Arms, Cookham. Mrs. Chamberlin, who runs it, is a first-class cook, so if you can get in there you would do well, and it is only two miles from Maidenhead for cinemas, etc.

An alternative would be the Fisherman's Retreat, Marlow; this is more of a Guest House, spotlessly clean, and quiet. Mrs. Herbert runs it.

C. T., Carlisle.—There are several places I can visualise where one could spend a lazy week's holiday on the riverbank.

Although not actually on the direct route to London, an ideal place for your holidays would be the Swan at Bibury, about 12 miles south of Burford. Or as an alternative in that neighbourhood the Bull at Fairford.

There are two other places little known: the Anchor at Tempsford, Bedfordshire, on the Great North Road and practically alongside the River Ouse. If I remember rightly there is a pleasant weir from which one can bathe. The other is the Pike and Eel at Overcote, a few miles from St. Neots.

L. T., Sheffield.—Small hotels on the North Devon coast are rather few and far between, especially if you want to avoid surf bathing. For a really small inn you ought to consider the London Inn, Combe Martin, or the Ship Hotel, Porlock, Somerset. Though it is some little way back from the sea, there is also the Dragon House at Washford, Somerset; and as a final suggestion, about 2 miles from the sea, Hoops Inn, Horns Cross, North Devon.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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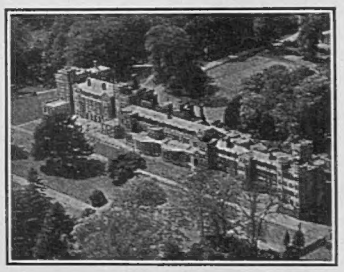

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